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THE
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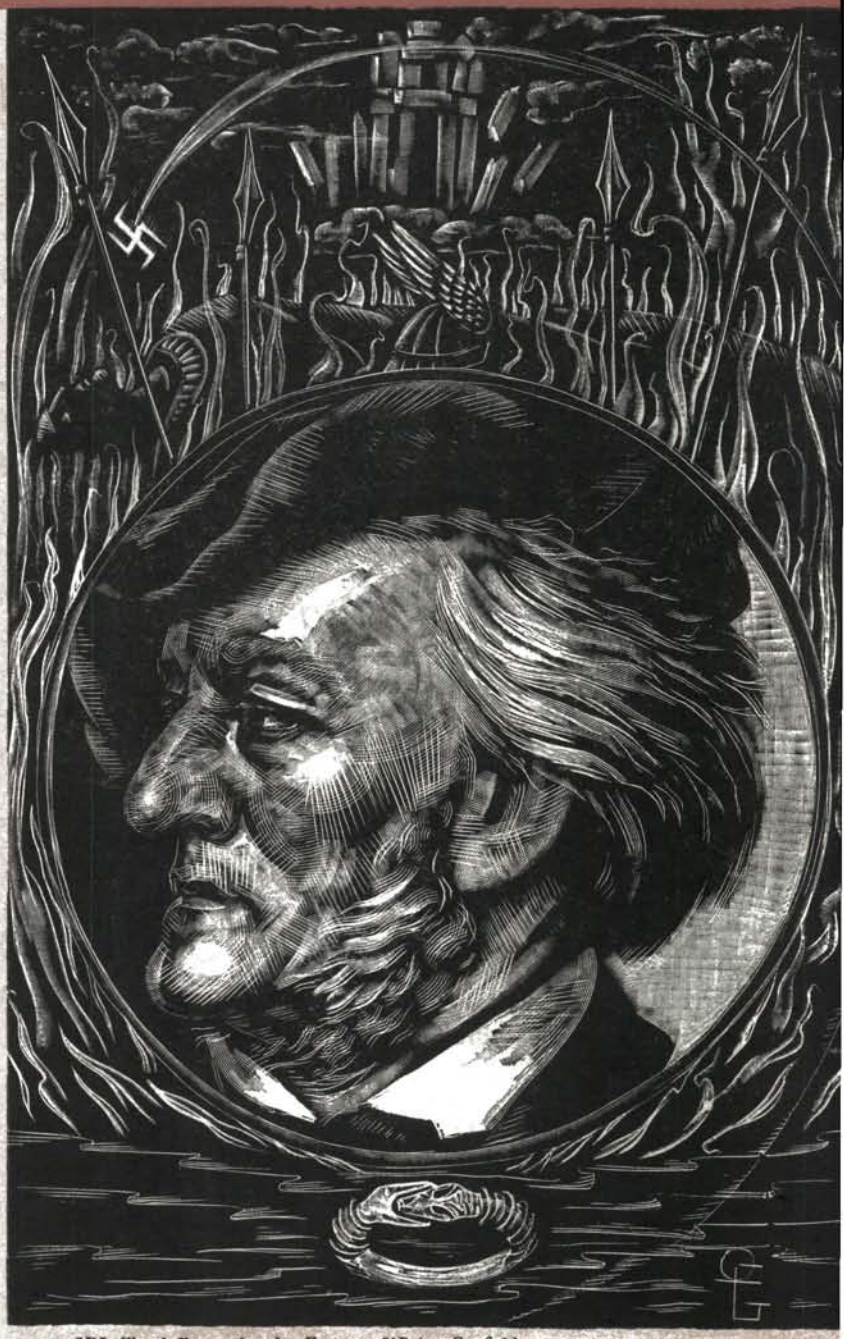

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Annual Music Issue

PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
Guest Editors

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What does a musician think about...

ONE THING about publishing has never ceased to fascinate us — the innumerable and complicated ways in which books come to exist. We were thinking about that only the other day as we looked through one of our personal favorites, Albert Spalding's autobiography, RISE TO FOLLOW, which we brought out a little over a year ago. That was in the fall of 1943, but the story of the book really went back to the autumn of 1926 and to a sophomore at Princeton.

This sophomore was a candidate for the editorial board of the college newspaper, *The Daily Princetonian*. Election was pretty largely a matter of how many words you could manage to get printed in the columns of the paper, and word-credit was doubled if the story was one which the candidate had thought up and written for himself. Looking through the calendar of forthcoming University events, the sophomore noticed that a concert by the American violinist Albert Spalding was scheduled for the near future. Simultaneously he bethought him of a kind and indulgent cousin in New York who knew a lot of musical people. Maybe Cousin Peggy knew Albert Spalding . . .

It developed that she did, and that she would arrange an interview. Borrowing five dollars from his roommate, the sophomore set out for New York and the Spalding apartment. Halfway there two things occurred to him: (1) He was a musical illiterate and therefore quite incompetent to talk to Mr. Spalding even for one minute on the subject, and (2) this was the first time he had ever interviewed anyone about anything anyhow. Perhaps it would have been better not to have aimed quite so high for the very first time . . .

Albert Spalding, however, did not seem in the least put out by his interviewer's obvious journalistic and musical incompetence. You might have thought that he had been helping stammering sophomores competing for college newspapers all his life. He talked quietly and so deftly that in twenty minutes the youngster had the best and most interesting interview he was ever to secure for the columns of "*The Prince*." And when that kindness was accomplished, he looked across at his interviewer and smiled. "Have you any questions you'd like to ask?"

"No, sir. Not for the paper, that is. But I would like to know one thing."

"Ah? What's that?"

"You'll think it's a funny question . . . I'd just like to know what musicians think about when they're up on the platform, playing."

Mr. Spalding looked surprised and was silent for almost a minute. "That's a hard question for me to answer," he said slowly. "You see, playing great music is an intricate experience. And a rich one. So much has gone beforehand . . ." He talked on for half an hour, as much to himself as to his interviewer, and what he said stayed in the young man's mind.

Fifteen years later that *Princetonian* reporter, by then a member of our staff, was again interviewing Albert Spalding. He was able to repeat a good part of what the violinist had told him a decade and a half before, not because his memory is phenomenal but because there had been, in that disquisition, a beauty of thought and feeling and a wisdom about men and art which was unforgettable.

So, our editor persuaded Albert Spalding to write RISE TO FOLLOW. The book, as it came in to us chapter by chapter, was alive with the same quality which the interview so many years before had held for the young man to whom the artist was being kind and generous. Its pages were, and are, full of magnificent story-telling, a mature and delightful sense of humor, and underlying everything else, the greatness and meaning of the art to which its author has devoted his life.

Such a book seems to us a permanent creation. The date of its publication is merely a birth date. And in the fifteen months since we brought it out, there has never been a time when RISE TO FOLLOW has not sold steadily. But sales are only incidental to the delight of publishing such a book as this one. The profound pleasure comes when a friend, coming into our office and seeing the book displayed on our shelves, exclaims "Oh! I didn't realize you people published Albert Spalding's book. It's one of my favorites. I was just reading parts of it over again the other day . . ."

RISE TO FOLLOW

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY

Albert Spalding

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Background Music for "Mein Kampf"

Wagner Was the Musical Architect of an Incurable Disease

PAUL HENRY LANG

HAPPILY, the witch hunt of the First World War which banished Wagner's works from our operatic stage has not been revived by our enlightened Metropolitan Opera House. Even "Die Meistersinger" has been given this season, after being cautiously kept from the repertory during the first years of the war. Why this hesitation with the one work of Wagner's which is nearest to being an opera without oppressive symbolism and metaphysics? The other works of Wagner, notably the "Ring of the Nibelungs," have even much more than a political and social significance; they have a sinister significance. It is not suggested that they should be hidden from our ears and eyes; on the contrary, we should endeavor to know them better, for Wagnerian gestures and conceptions form part of the imagery and vocabulary of the present rulers of Germany.

It is generally accepted that the gigantic tetralogy, "Der Ring der Nibelungen," is a modern rendition of the old epic, yet Wagner's version, an entirely personal one, has little in common with the Middle-High-German "Nibelungenlied," although it is somewhat closer to the nordic Eddas. Dark and forbidding, upon the heroes of the new epopoeia the sun of Homer does not shine. Misproportion, not measure, rules in this myth, maze displaces order. The world of the classic and the Christian myths is on the heights; they too are full of sword play and fire, their gods also quarrel, but they know selfless nobility of thought, compassion, pity, and renunciation, they know love, and women tender and graceful.

The Nibelung epic, old and new, is in the depths; men perish there and are not redeemed. And Wagner's women seldom move about without death-dealing weapons, or at least they carry some magic brew which indirectly induces the same results. The modern myth of Wagner and the original have in common their brutally dark and merciless atmosphere; no one smiles, only the awkward predicaments of the unfortunate evoke ribald

—*Bettmann Archive*

An assault on the ear of the universe. From a European cartoon, 1866.

laughter. And as the tetralogy unfolds the colors become darker and darker; after Siegfried's death the last rays depart, only the dim reflection of the accursed gold shimmers through the waves of the Rhine. No wonder that the symbol of this world is different from that of the life-giving and redeeming Christian myth: transcendent light. The Nibelung symbol is the treacherous gleam of bloodspattered gold.

This new Wagnerian mythology, this new universal art which was to unite music, poetry, philosophy, had a basic weakness. In the world of his own *Gesamtkunstwerk* Wagner committed the eternal mistake of all dictators: the belief that men and the world can be changed from without, arbitrarily, and by force. This new mythology purported to give us a new world of creative passion; instead, Wagner placed in the center of his new mythology his own life. This life was the life of a histrion, filled with false words and false gestures.

It is often unfair to hold against the creations of a genius the shortcomings of his own life. for the life of a genius does not necessarily correspond with his works. Wagner's life is different. He attempted to make a work of art of his own life and this life and this world can be joined to be viewed with the critic's eyes. Weber, Schumann, and a number of other composers of the romantic era were littérateur-musicians, but in them the artist's intellectual knowledge is still harmoniously complemented by the instinctive and irrational power of creative inspiration. Wagner was a pamphleteer who never wrote a line without consciously following a well-planned program. His literary activity was tremendous, ranging from esthetics and philosophy to social, political, and racial theorizing, always keeping a weather eye on his business interests. Even his letters and pontifical "communications to his friends" are all well calculated documents to further his own ends, so much so that one might ask whether his compositions are an illustration of his propaganda writings or vice versa. Whichever the case, no musician in the whole history of music has ever exerted such all-pervading influence on the life of a nation and indirectly on the whole world, as this pamphleteer-composer of morbid genius. This influence was exercised through two media, literature and art, but the literary activity was always the prelude, a program and advance justification of the *Kunstwerk,* the work of art, which was to give it a visible, comprehensive, and living body.

THE purpose of the drama is to give a synthetic picture of the world, therefore the drama's significance must always reach beyond the external phenomena; drama is always symbolical. But this does not mean that it must turn into allegory, for it is sufficient if it symbolizes in large contours the external happenings and the internal dramatic sequence. It is by no means necessary that every phase of the external action be the bearer of a metaphysical message, that every external moment should correspond to an internal meaning. This is the reason why every dramatic interpretation which

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attempts to translate the language of symbols into the language of notions is relative and unstable. And, since it is not necessary that the dramatic symbols should be conscious in the creator of the drama, there is only one measure for the various possibilities of analysis and interpretation: it should never contradict the inner picture of the drama, and it should be consequent in the translation of symbols. The drama has one content only which neither general nor detailed explanations can falsify—if they are consequent and logical.

WAGNER'S tetralogy admits of many interpretations, the more generalized the more comfortable and secure. Thus the easiest idealized interpretation, the only widely accepted, sees in the "Ring" the genetic tragedy of humanity built into a gigantic drama of lofty personages; the struggle of love against gold, bleak greed for money against true life, the strife of materialism with idealism. Against these conceptions we must oppose Wagner's own words: "My own world-outlook has found a consummate artistic expression in the 'Ring of the Nibelungs,'" and this world-outlook is minutely documented by several tomes of sharp writings. Furthermore there are the letters to Liszt in which Wagner relates how much he was impressed by the reading of Schopenhauer whose works he considered "a heaven-sent gift" to have come "just at that moment"; *i.e.,* during the writing of the dramatic poems which were to form the basis of the "Ring." After finishing the four books in 1854 Wagner sent Schopenhauer a copy of the "Ring" with accompanying words of thanks for the inspiration derived from a philosophical conception which had fallen in so well with his own notions of drama, music, and life. Indeed, the philosophy, more precisely the philosophy of history, as expressed in the "Ring" is derived from Hegel and Schopenhauer, and here is wedded to drama and music. This at once deprives Wagner's world of its universality yet, curiously enough, while scholars and eulogists have filled a whole library with uncritical and adulatory commentaries —there was a time when the unendurable alliterations of these heavy-handed dramas were considered poetry —it remained for an eccentric British playwright to make the shrewd observation that with all its archaic myth and *Stabreim* the "Ring" could not have been written before the second half of the nineteenth century. G. B. Shaw also saw clearly that the "Ring" was the outcome of a political development, that it represents a social drama of the present and not the legend of the past.

Viewed with these mandatory limitations the symbolism of the drama becomes quite simple. Wotan is apparently intended to symbolize the helpless prisoner of self-created ethical laws, whose social system, built on tragic mistakes, carries him into insoluble moral complications which lead to his destruction. His opponent, Siegfried, the new ideal of man, frees himself from everything which inexorably has so bound Wotan's hands. He slays the dragon of gold, shatters Wotan's spear, the spear of tradition and of laws, despises organized and sanctioned modes of life and listens only to the impulses of the unbridled will, the agent of which is his sword. In this the supposed universality of the action and problems of the drama

—*Bettmann Archive*

A contemporary drawing of Wagner

are even more restricted, for the "Ring of the Nibelungs" is not the tragedy of mankind but that of the nineteenth century, of the century which originated the clash of the "two orders" which was to result in our present holocaust. Shaw was the only one to perceive the true boundaries of the Wagnerian universal world; unfortunately, in addition to the insufficiency of his knowledge of musical matters, his elaboration of the thesis is often more witty than profound, his symbolism far fetched and lacking in documentation, and his reasoning can often be turned around. Nevertheless, he sensed forty years ago that the Wagnerian myth really concerns itself with the declining capitalistic world order as challenged by the coming, anarchistic, self-destructive "socialism." The Nazi philosophy espied a generation ahead of history!

The great conflict in Wagner's life was akin to that experienced by the present leaders of Germany: a rebellion of the bourgeois against the bourgeoisie and capitalism. The anti-capitalist, anti-middle class attitude of National Socialism is well illustrated at every turn in the "Ring." This rebellion is, however, constantly betrayed. Wagner, the revolutionary who fled from Dresden, still fresh from the barricades, did not lose time in seeking royal patronage. This instantaneous readiness to change colors, and the subsequent systematic and cold-blooded exploitation of the good will of a half-demented monarch, show Wagner to be devoid of any and all scruples, moral or political. (This conversion also recalls the revolutionary, plutocracy-hating, trust-busting Nazi chieftains who became principal stockholders in the big German corporation.) The story of Wagner's so-called democratic-revolutionary activities was wilfully falsified and so perpetuated in German literature whence it passed into apotheosis in the English language, even though Ernest Newman was not blind to the true state of affairs.

The music dramas are replete with denunciations of the middle class. The "little fellow," the bourgeois, is always held down by the ruling classes of gods and heroes. (This did not prevent Wagner, when the occasion presented itself, from devoting a whole work to the eulogy of the humble burgher. It is noteworthy that "Die Meistersinger" is his one work in which death is not lurking about, and in which purely human qualities and some unadulterated singing abound.) Even bourgeois virtues are made light of, as when, for instance, that primeval husband, Hunding, the only figure in the "Ring" who is a normal human being and simply a married man, refuses to give up his wife, Sieglinde, and is sneeringly dismissed by Wotan:

> Get hence, knave, kneel before Fricka:
> Tell her how Wotan's spear avenged
> his spouse's slight. Go! Go!*

(Stage direction: "Before Wotan's contemptuous wave of the hand Hunding falls dead to the ground.") When subsequently the Queen of Wedlock, Wotan's wife Fricka, pleads for help to revenge the outraged husband Hunding, Wotan answers: "What hath wrought of wrong this pair allured by Spring into love?" This brings us to one of the most paradoxical, at the same time fundamental, problems in Wagner's life and works: his conception of love. Sexual passion had a strong attraction for him at all times as it did for Schopenhauer, and like the latter's writings on this subject Wagner's statements (mostly in letters and recorded conversations) are unfit for publication.

But let us first see what the phil-

*All English translations are from the standard librettos.

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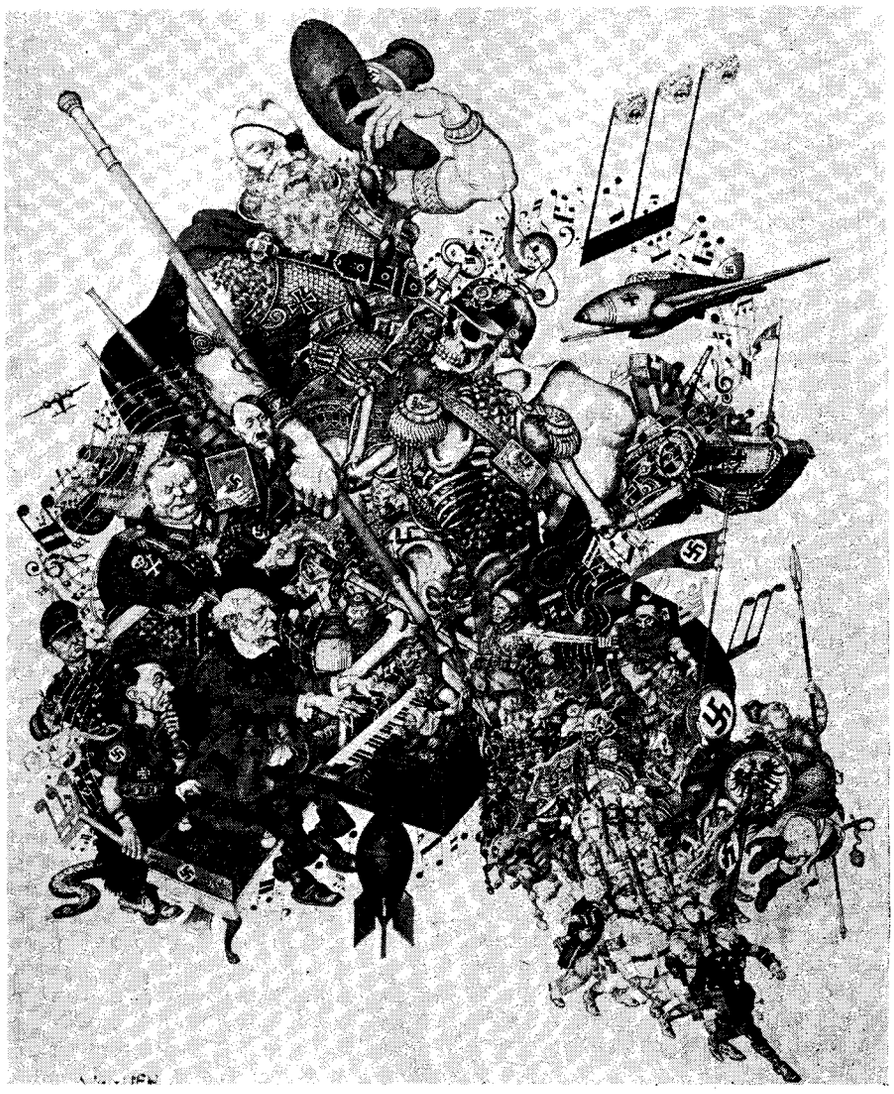
osopher has to say, for Wagner unfailingly, if often unwittingly, furnishes the necessary clue. Speaking of the germ of the catastrophe that befell the union of Wotan and Fricka, Wagner says: "The ties that bind the two issue from the involuntary error of love in prolonging itself beyond the necessary change . . ." This statement is less remarkable for its clear denunciation of one of the basic tenets of bourgeois social life than for its ignorance of any moral issues that might be involved in the union of a couple. An uncontrolled, animalistic, one might say anarchistic, sexuality is what takes the place of love in Wagner's creations (with the sole exception of "Die Meistersinger"). Love becomes lust and those so possessed perish in the final fulfilment of their desires; they *all* die a Liebestod in the "highest lust" or "rapture," and all of them are pervaded by the idea of self-destruction, not only Tristan and Isolde, but Siegfried, Brünnhilde, and Wotan too. This sexual urge and the desire for self-destruction are strangely mingled with renunciation and asceticism, which upon closer inspection is again purely sexual, for here renunciation means one thing only: abstention, to be consumed by desire.

MANY of the Wagnerian heroes, from Tannhäuser to Kundry, die without physical violence, they are "burned up." (They all die, however, without shrinking. Even Brünnhilde's horse neighs happily when about to jump into the pyre; only the inferior creature, the *Untermensch* Mime, whimpers and cries when confronted with danger.) "We must learn to die, to die in the fullest sense of the word," says Wagner, "the creation of this highest, self-destroying will is Siegfried." In the final analysis more than one thoughtful student of Wagner and of German mentality of recent times has come to the conclusion that the world's end which closes the "Ring" is a sort of happy ending for them, the fulfilment, the apotheosis of self-destruction. But, and this is the most important conclusion we must draw, this is not death and transfiguration, it has none of the Christian ethics of redemption attached to it, it is the Schopenhauerian Nirvana, the philosopher's theorem translated into a nihilistic sexual frenzy. How would we otherwise understand and endure the final ecstatic lines of Brünnhilde?

Gladly do I glow with
gladly yield to thee blindly,
gladly glide to destruction,
gladly go down to death!
Far hence, Valhall
lofty and vast,
let fall thy structure
of stately towers;
farewell grandeur,
and pride of gods!
End in rapture
ye gods, your reign!
Go rend, ye Nornes
your rope of runes!
Round us darken
dusk of the gods!
Night of destruction
now on us gain!



Arthur Szyk's conception of Wagner and some of his musical accents.

Such love knows no spiritual moments, it is driven by an animalistic urge toward fulfilment in destruction. And since it has no spiritual overtones it is almost invariably induced by artificial means, magic brews, which put the recipient in an instantaneous state of heat. The man who in his writings constantly and loudly extolled love, virtue, justice, and benevolence, was unable to carry out one such act in his life. Small wonder that he was rarely able to endow his imaginary creatures with these attributes. This apostle of asceticism and renunciation was uncommonly receptive to the material comforts and physical pleasures of life. Wagner's intense eroticism carried into music fascinated the international musical world. For this man was not only a clumsy and sinister philosopher. In certain situations his philosophical, social, and even dramaturgical theories and preoccupations are thrown out of the window and what we get is searing, powerfully sensuous orchestral phantasies. There can be no question that the orchestral pieces (or scenes with the superimposed vocal parts omitted) which make up this repertory are Wagner's best and most enduring creations, but—the human figures of the stage are superfluous, they are left behind, a fact which we shall take up presently.

Returning to the social-political symbols of the "Ring," it will not be surprising, in the light of the foregoing, to find the "ethical" precepts of the work attuned to the renegade bourgeois's lofty ideals of the "new order." As a matter of fact, we meet with all the types of double dealing and treaty breaking we know so well from the modern German political repertory. Wagner's incurable penchant for such acts is evident at every turn, and it effectively ruined the intended symbolism between the old order of bourgeois - Christian - capitalist ethics and

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the new *Uebermensch* who is above man-made laws. Wotan's behavior makes this Germanic god resemble rather closely an ordinary well-situated upper-class citizen who has acquired a great deal of political power which he wields with all the shady tricks of the trade. Thus the symbol shrank to immorality *versus* amorality.

Wotan had the Giants build him a strong fortress from which he could regulate the affairs of the world. But the contract calls for payment to the builders in the shape of Freya, the goddess of love and youth. Wotan is not dismayed by this ominous clause:

> Through the contract I tam'd
> the truculent brood,
> so that lordly
> towers they uplifted.
> It stands there—thanks to the stalwarts!
> Of the pay, fret not, I pray.

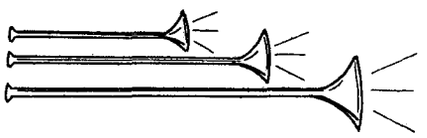
A little later he admits to Fricka that he never even entertained the idea of fulfilling the contract. Then, while slyly playing for time to double-cross the giants, the god is outraged by Loge's reluctance to provide him with a trick. Treachery toward the underlings is natural but among the head men it becomes a moral issue. Similarly, while Wotan justifies the theft of the ring from Alberich on the grounds that he is rectifying a misdeed—the robbing of the Rhinemaidens of their gold—when in turn he is called upon to surrender the ring he contemptuously answers Loge:

> Thy promise does not bind me
> as booty the ring with me bides!

Or, at another point, he dismisses covenants with the old formula of treaty breaking: "For when bold forces are stirring, I often counsel war." Terrible is the fury, though, if agreements are disregarded among the "ruling class." Thus Wotan rages over Brünnhilde's disobedience:

> 'Twas she who worked what my will
> had shaped and designed;
> And now is broken our notable bond,
> when, faith annulling,
> My will she defied,
> My sacred command openly scorned.

The whole of the "Ring" presents a picture in which the lesser figures are helpless and are always treated with scorn by the armed mighty. Mime, the dwarf, is made to risk his head on Wotan's bidding, and Siegfried, the strong, blameless, and invincible superman, likes nothing better than to plague him. "We come double the better to cow you." Alberich is called "swarthy, swampy, and sulphurous dwarf," while Siegfried describes Mime as "gruesome, grizzled, and gray, cramped and crooked, with hanging ears stretching, bleary eyes staring." These lowly Nibelungs represent a hideous doctrine of which Wagner was one of the chief apostles, faithfully followed by the Nazis. The "ugly," "avaricious," "loquacious," and "tricky" dwarfs are the Jews who robbed the world of its gold and now are conspiring forever to dominate it with their hoard. We have this on Wagner's own authority, but he makes the symbols even clearer in the drama by his directions as to the manner of delivery which corresponds entirely to his description—even using identical words—"the Jewish manner of speech . . . shrill, hissing, buzzing, a wholly foreign and arbitrary distortion of our national idiom." Compared with the Nibelungs even Fafner the dragon is treated with a certain dig-



nity. Wagner's "humor" in the "Ring" is restricted to cruel mirth over the physical miseries of these underdogs. (Which recalls the tragic occasion of the death of four hundred Jews at the burning of a Viennese theatre, which called forth some unsavory jokes on the part of the Master.) What makes this myth, legend, and fairy tale so inhuman is that unlike the true romanticists Wagner no longer believed in fairy spirits, his figures are to represent "reality and truth," the cornerstone of his dramaturgy. We are painfully aware today that this was not an empty slogan. The sum total of this Wagnerian social and moral philosophy is contained in the following peroration of Wotan:

> That foes might find us strong for
> the strife
> Heroes I bade ye select me
> The bravest of hearts we held in
> bondage,
> These mortals whom in their might
> We had checked,
> Who by guileful agreement's
> Glamour and baseness obediently
> Served us truly and blindly;
> Those should ye bestir to stormiest
> striving,
> Ev'ry force guiding to grimmest
> fight,
> That flocks of fearless heroes might
> Hail me in Valhall's hall.

It should be remembered that in Wagner's own words "Wotan is our image; he is the sum total of the intelligence of the present."

How does Wagner's music fit into his philosophic-artistic system? In order to achieve what he considered the true dramatic expression in music, he had to break formal traditions, the roundedness of melody, and even the prerogatives of the human voice. From the song he omitted everything "that is merely for the ear," converting it to an "unbound" speech-song the main function of which is the conveying of concrete ideas. A system of recurring motives, the celebrated *Leitmotives,* purports to express not only the manifestations of will and sentiment of the *dramatis personae,* but their thoughts in the process of their formulation. Since it will remain an eternal absurdity to demand from music the expression of concrete thoughts, Wagner's motives do not contain the idea, they merely carry with them the mental ballast of associations. Associations are still based on concrete notions, admittedly outside the grasp of music, hence they move in a different sphere and at a different speed.

THE uninterrupted application of this system negates all that is the birthright of the theatre in general and the lyric stage in particular; it excludes the hearer, and to a considerable extent the actor-singer, for the explanatory leitmotives do not give them a chance to contribute their own emotions, to become one with the unfolding drama. Everything is cut out for them, every impending event, the appearance and intentions of every personage announced in advance, while the swirling kaleidoscope of the motives acts as a drug. The leitmotive system inevitably led to an abstract symphonic treatment which robbed the singers of their song—the basic style-element of the lyric stage—and placed the essence of the music in the orchestra pit. The drama takes place in the orchestra, the stage contains puppets only, at the mercy of the symphonic torrent emanating from below. If the orchestra were to keep silent all there would be left to the audience would be some poor verse, and—most of the time—fragmentary, if not inarticulate, music, with the protagonists loitering about delivering long static soliloquies. Don Giovanni, Carmen, or Othello could still sing and remain dramatic figures if the orchestra withdrew, for they are real human beings rendered—not symbolized—in *human song;* the Wagnerian hero, aside from his occasional passionate moments, is a mail-clad metaphysical mouthpiece.

As a final consequence of this system, not only are the human subject and the dramatic object swallowed up by the orchestra, the phenomena which create feelings as well as nature, environment, and impression, are all taken from the stage and are transposed into the abstract sounds of the orchestra. Thus human fate and the power of the cosmos are presented in a great exegesis by violins and tubas, harps and kettledrums, and all the other instruments of the great Wagnerian orchestra, while those upon the stage serve as accessories—truly the most absurd violation of everything the theatre, spoken or lyric, stands for. And yet the leitmotive construction can be-

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come really organic and dramatic, when words and song cease and the music takes over altogether. Now the musician, having shelved his theories, becomes sovereign by freeing himself from the fetters of an absurd situation, from the array of nightmarish modern *Stabreim,* and his music follows its own specific logic.

IT is important to realize that these orchestral passages are quite often merely camouflaged by goings-on, and even singing, on the scene; fundamentally they are freely unfolding, symphonically treated orchestral pieces, by far the most popular of all the music in the Wagnerian *oeuvre.* But, they are even more popular in the concert hall, where they are treated as the star pieces of symphonic concerts, for they *are* symphonic pieces and not music drama. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the so-called "set pieces," so much abhorred by Wagner himself (and still smiled at benevolently by the perfect Wagnerite when encountered in Mozart), pieces which follow a purely musical formal arrangement, as befits the lyric drama, are some of the best "numbers" in the "Ring." (The "Spring *Song*" in the first act of the Walküre, Siegfried's *song* to his dead mother, the *song* of the bird of the woods, and several others.)

The fatal contradiction in the system of leitmotivic dramatization is the inability of the impersonator as well as of the listener to express or experience his own emotions beyond a certain degree. When, for instance, Brünnhilde struggles with Siegfried in Günther's mask, the orchestra alternates in feverish haste the *Pain, Walküre, Hagen, Bliss of love, Brünnhilde,* and *Tarnhelm* motives. The actors impersonating Brünnhilde and Siegfried could not possibly play all this, and the listener is deprived of his free reactions, for he is being told just how to react—if he knows and recognizes the motives. If he does not, the whole construction is wasted on him anyway. The simultaneous appearance of the spoken word and the intoned, association-bearing leitmotive constitutes a forcing together of two diametrically opposed agents of expression each of which has its own speed and articulation.

The leitmotive can, and has been, used to good advantage in certain instances. As a system it is doomed to failure for it leads to unreconcilable discrepancies between abstract and associative symbolism and the concrete expressiveness of action and words. By giving more and more of the property of the stage to the orchestra Wagner attempted to diminish this discrepancy, but thereby also diminished

After an hour of Wagner, from a contemporary drawing by Daumier.

his theatrical-dramatic values. This led to increased abstraction, robbing some of the best music of its direct causal-sentimental bearing on the drama. Siegfried's moving funeral music, or the final scene in "Götterdämmerung," could be understood as the expression of personal feelings. Nevertheless, we would search in vain to find this person among the *dramatis personae.* The dirge is not Günther's nor Gutrune's, not even Brünnhilde's, and the final music is neither Wotan's, Siegfried's, nor even the fiery Valkyrie's perishing in the flames. This is the *choros* of the Greek drama, the idealized audience, the Wagner who could be a composer of compelling force when he was nothing but a musician.

The final scene in "Götterdämmerung" contains the essence of the Schopenhauerian self-destruction, and in reality gives a sort of unity to this strange agglomeration of sinister and clumsy symbolism, sultry and agonized verse, of music at times magnificent and passionate, at others merely labored. The "Ring" is the picture of a Spenglerian world tragedy; socialism, or rather as it turned out to be, National Socialism, is the victor, but its victory does not open a new era in human culture. On the contrary, it brings with it the final destruction of culture. As the *Valhalla* motive sounds in the final measures the *Annihilation* motive rises from the orchestra; the whole world order is shattered, carrying with it Siegfried.

Dante towered above the masses of his time yet he was one and the same with it in faith and morals, and in this unity he could feel himself a brother of the lowliest begging monk or unlettered serf. And a Lincoln could become great because the strength of the spirit of the multitude nourished him as the earth did Antæos. The Siegfried of modern times is a miserable tragic figure. Torn asunder from all that is life-giving, he thrashes about on a soil without faith and morality; all he attempts to do is to solve life for himself, hence the futility of his actions. Siegfried had to fall because he is the anarchistic type of man, because his existence is antisocial, and because he could not endure within the real circumstances of life. The anarchist is an individual only, he cannot become a prototype of society. The fall of the Wagnerian music drama paralleled Siegfried's fall as is vividly demonstrated by the simple fact that it could not be continued. For this music drama was not a social art form created by a whole era and reaching its pinnacle in the works of a genius—the opera in Mozart, the symphony in Beethoven—but a weird phantasmagoria of an individual mind, which led nowhere and which broke together with the life of its creator. The fall of Siegfried and of the Wagnerian music drama is the symbol of the unheard of effort of the *Uebermensch* and its tribe, the *Herrenvolk,* against ethics and humanity. They both succeeded temporarily because they created their world, but they were doomed and fell because they could not sustain their creations. Wagner's activity was a terrible paradox shared by the Germans of today: they wanted to create something "social" yet they all but destroyed their respective worlds.

THE Wagnerian world exerted an immense influence on German political, cultural, and social thought. What the German emperor, his statesmen, politicians, soldiers, as well as ordinary subjects could not understand in the philosophers and political writers they readily perceived in the synthetic allegories of the new myth. William II was already a modest disciple, ably tutored by that fervent apostle (and son-in-law) of Wagner, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, but it remained for Hitler and his Germany to elevate the philosopher-musician and his new myth to the embodiment of the spirit of the "new order" of which Wagner was undoubtedly the most powerful single pioneer and seer. The non-Germanic world accepted these music dramas because of their often enrapturing music and because it was thought that these dramas heralded a new, heroic, era, and that the final works, notably the all too obvious "Parsifal," represented the first tangible signs of convalescence from the decadence of the declining romantic world. What we were feting was the artistic incarnation of an incurable disease.

Paul Henry Lang, guest co-editor of this issue, is the author of "Music in Western Civilization."

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Needed—A Managerial Revolution

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

EIGHTY per cent of the evils that afflict American music arise from the fact that, with us, musical management is not a trained profession, as it is in many parts of Europe. The other twenty per cent of our troubles arise from the vanities and other foibles of performers, composers, and critics. In the nature of things, the twenty per cent will not be ameliorated. The eighty per cent can be corrected, but it will take a long time and a great deal of work.

Music is purveyed to the American public largely by civic institutions which are partially supported by the box office, partially by philanthropic underwriting, and, in some communities, partially by appropriations from the municipal budget. The symphony orchestra is the most characteristic of these institutions, but all of them, whether symphony orchestras or recital courses, directly parallel the public museum both in function and finance.

Every public museum worth mentioning is directed by a trained specialist who knows art intimately and is usually an expert in some particular field. His primary responsibility is to the community as a whole and to art as a whole. He is put in his job because he is able to steer an even course between the cultural imperatives of his situation on the one hand, and, on the other, ill-informed public crazes and the frequently dubious machinations of art dealers. Every public museum worth mentioning makes its acquisitions, other than gifts, on the basis of their inherent quality and their place in a long-range plan of collecting; most museums have a similar long-range plan in the scheduling of their temporary shows, and all are very much concerned with the encouragement of artistic activity in their own bailiwicks.

Music, on the other hand, is run like a museum without a curator, its acquisitions and exhibition schedules determined by the finance committee and the ladies' auxiliary. A museum so operated would be completely at the mercy of the dealers, would buy according to the dealers' word and the newspaper reviews, and would very shortly become little more than a warehouse of fake old masters. It would have no general program worth mentioning, and would become totally isolated from the artistic life of its community.

That, to a large extent, is what has happened to our American musical institutions. They are not so bad as that, but they are consistently taken in by fakes, have no conception of an ordered, over-all program, perennially ignore the talents of their own localities, and are helplessly dominated by the dealers in soloists, particularly the National Concert and Artists Corporation and the Columbia Concerts Corporation. Only in opera do we have a tradition of trained professional management, but opera, because of its luxurious expensiveness, is a thing apart from the main stream of our musical life.

THE composers, on the whole, get a fairer shake than the performers, although it is a fairly slim shake at that. Management is sold entirely on the presentation of performers, and, in general, does not consider repertoire its province. Consequently new music does find its way onto our programs depending on the temperament and prejudices of the executants. Too many are timid in this regard, too many fall back upon trivial sure-fire stuff in their choice of new material, and too many have no interest at all in the creative life of their own times. But new music still does get through. It does not get through in any well-ordered way, but it *is* performed, and it is not subjected to the rackets that are worked in the artist business.

The principal evils, so far as the presentation of new music is concerned, are that the players, particularly conductors, lay too much stress upon short works that can be easily sandwiched into odd corners of programs, and that nothing, good or bad, successful or unsuccessful, is ever repeated. There is a wild craze for first performances, especially among the orchestras, and second performances are almost totally unheard of.

We are often informed that we spend more money on music than any other nation in the world, but no one inquires whether or not we spend it wisely. Our spending, however, is evidence of immense popular enthusiasm. Our capacity for the consumption of music is unlimited, and has increased very greatly in recent years, thanks to radio and records and to music teaching in the schools. Now the war tops it off with an unprecedented rush for entertainment of any and all kinds. As the theatre men put it, all you have to do these days is open the doors and duck, but nowhere can one perceive the faintest effort to take advantage of this situation for the greater good of music in itself or for the benefit of music in the local community. In short, our musical culture has not kept pace with our enthusiasms. All we have seen is an effort, largely successful, to cram down our throats some of the lesser-known trade goods of the big bureaus—people who, in times when, as the managers put it, "the public are shopping," would not have a chance.

INSOFAR as this brings us some very good musicians, it is not particularly reprehensible. It is simply unintelligent and irresponsible. It ignores the obvious cultural imperatives of the moment, which are admirably suggested by the report of the Conference on the Teaching of the Humanities held last summer at Stanford University:

> We want young people who know not only how to use their imagination, their skills, and their sensitivity, but also how to apply them to the building of a finer world than that of the nineteenth century. We wish the artist and the artisan to find his tasks and his support within his community and his country. We wish music, dance, and drama to grow from the active spirit of our communities, and not to be brought to them exclusively by trouping artists.

Well, in my own city of San Francisco this season, where four large-scale concert institutions are operating (three of them are civic institutions and one of the three is supported entirely by public funds), there is not one single San Franciscan in the entire schedule of seventy-six events, except for members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In many cases the performers being brought us haven't the faintest ghost of a hope of paying out, which means simply that civic funds are being paid them at the behest of the NCAC and Colum-

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bia Concerts, which, of course, take their own percentages from these fees. It is precisely as if the three public museums of this city were to post on their doors some such notice as this: ARTISTS OF SAN FRANCISCO! KEEP OUT! YOU ARE NOT WANTED HERE. OUR EXHIBITION SPACE IS RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR SHOWS FROM THE EASTERN DEALERS.

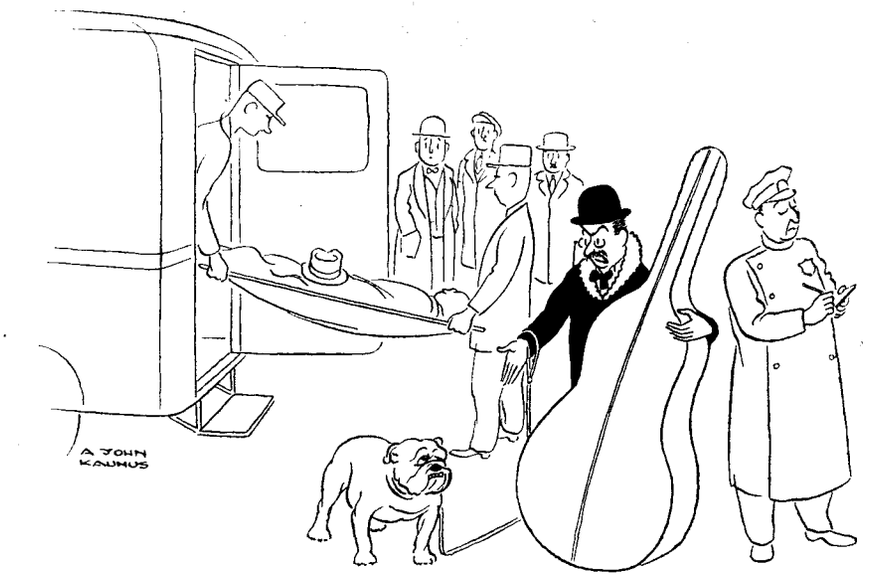
Some years ago Roger Sessions wrote:

> The glamor of stars is enhanced by a tendency to what one may call an economy of scarcity in this connection. Manifestly, the fewer the stars, the brighter they shine; and, partly because of a need to attract as great a multitude as possible—partly, also, because the number of potential stars is far greater than the number of available places in the galaxy—the distance between the stars and their nearest competitors tends to become even greater. Hence an enormous waste of talent, and, above all, since stardom is based, except in the rarest cases, on established reputation, an ever-increasing diminution of opportunities for younger artists to penetrate the charmed circle, or even to survive.

There is a large element of truth in this, and yet it is partly offset, although it is not compensated for, by a curiously contradictory tendency. That is the reputed practice of forcing upon local communities artists they do not want in order that they may obtain the artists they do desire. It is difficult to secure documentary evidence of this, but it is written large on every concert schedule in the country, for all our concert schedules are full of the names of totally unknown people whose engagement cannot possibly be explained on the basis of local demand or the hope of profit to the local agency which presents them.

THE fact remains, however, that the country's attitude toward music is still dominated by a star-performer psychology, and the result is that the amount of music performed falls miles short of the demand, actual and potential, especially in cities of half a million and under. The typical picture is of a recital course of three to five events, advertised as providing the finest artists in the world, and run by one of the two quasi-monopolistic agencies previously mentioned.

Now, the desire for the best is a very natural thing. It is also very natural for the best to be defined in terms of the distant. As the Irish playwright put it, "'tis the far-off hills are green," and to exalt what we can buy over what we can do is the commonest of American vices. But in visual art curatorship helps to check these tendencies in an effective and authoritative way, while in music they run hog-wild, and are carefully played up and fostered by the national agencies. The result is that no performer can hope for anything without New York press notices, which make big medicine in Pleasantville and Oak Grove, although they are often written in a hurry by harassed or incompetent junior critics. Consequently there is a constant drain of musical talent from the smaller cities to the single center, and a hopeless, wasteful, and destructive clutter in New York. Towns of a size which, in Europe, would call for a permanent opera house, a permanent orchestra, and a concert season as long as that of a major American city, continue to get their three to five star concerts a year—some of them by "stars" manufactured by managerial fiat—and the potentials both of talent and opportunity remain almost untouched.



—*With apologies to Whitney Darrow, Jr.*

"Twenty million legs in New York and you have to pick on the music critic of *The Times*."

There is only one way out of this mess, and that is for the local communities to wake up and discover they are living in the twentieth century. Community music is in the hands of people of good will, and it is not too much to expect them to acquire a sense of social responsibility and the long view, and to see that total growth is at least as important as, and not incompatible with, immediate profit. In short, what is needed is curatorship instead of business management.

As usual, the colleges have been the first to see this, and the colleges are beginning, feebly, to do something about it. The concerts now being given at the University of Chicago under the direction of Cecil Smith are an admirable example of everything rightly done in this field, and the University of California is planning to do something similar this spring. Perhaps there are still other manifestations of this kind of which I am not informed.

Curatorship in the visual arts has not harmed the dealers or hurt their business. On the contrary, it has increased it, and it would increase the dealers' business in the field of music. There is no necessary and inevitable hostility between national management and local music-making, although such hostility does exist at the present time. What is needed is the election by the local communities of trained experts like Cecil Smith, who can see all sides of the picture and organize things accordingly.

Nine-tenths of the clamor for government support of music, for a Federal department of the fine arts, and all such things, arises from the realization that such curatorship is necessary. But it can and ought to be done locally, with the coöperation of public and private agencies, as it is done in visual art.

Musical criticism has been remiss in its failure to discuss these matters. We have all been too much concerned with esthetic questions and too little interested in the cultural picture in its widest sense. But if musical criticism is going to enter this field, it must guard against extremes of chauvinism and provincialism, and must be particularly careful to avoid allying itself with the multitude of fakers and incompetents who perennially ascribe their lack of success to accidents of nationality and residence. In that way we shall make enemies of practically everybody, but maybe we can do something, too.

Alfred Wallenstein is music critic of the San Francisco Chronicle.

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Modern Music in Limbo

ERICH LEINSDORF

IN a recent article, J. Donald Adams wrote: "Periods of intense experimentation in the arts, such as the one through which we have been passing for some years, are necessary to the continuance of vitality in a culture. It is in such periods that art renews itself and throws off the hand of threadbare attitudes and forms, but in the process it loses contact with the larger audience which art must have if there is to be a vital connection between the two. It begins to address itself to a narrower and narrower circle, grows increasingly snobbish. The wider public accepts the works of lesser men who speak a language which it can understand. And always the time comes when a broader contact must be re-established. That is what is happening now. . . ."

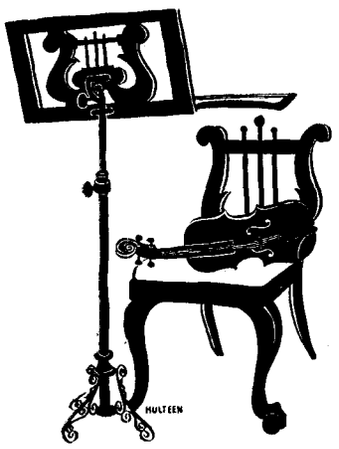
Music, too, has been passing through this experimental period. In the process, it has lost contact with a larger audience. Except for the lighter forms of entertainment-music, the creative is largely stymied, being actually performed only upon the insistence of a few progressive performers, and then, only under restricted circumstances. To be blunt about it, contemporary music is tolerated rather than sought after, politely endured by the audience instead of being eagerly awaited.

Unlike literature, music now depends exclusively on public hearings. While the process of performance is the ultimate scope of a composer's labors, it is wrong to assume that a musical score cannot communicate its contents without being actually played. Music, like any other form of communication that uses conventional symbols, can be understood by the eye as well as by the ear. The fact that most people know how to *read* words, but do not know how to read music, does not alter the truth that music *can be read*. There is no more mystery in the commonly used symbols of musical notation than there is in the alphabet. And while it is obvious that mere literacy does not guarantee any appreciation of literature in its higher forms, it is equally obvious that illiteracy definitely excludes any possibility of understanding, appreciating, or enjoying the deeper and finer examples of literary communication. In music, it works the same way.

Progressive musicians and culture-conscious people are trying to promote a higher appreciation of contemporary music; but wherever one turns, the sole reliance is placed on public hearings. Our world of music today is in a state which resembles somewhat the literary field before the invention of printing. Only a very small minority of contemporary scores ever leave the manuscript stage.

As a result, scores of contemporary composers are severely handicapped. There is the actual disadvantage that makes any unpublished and unprinted material inaccessible to any but a few professionals, and then there is the psychological disadvantage that tends to diminish general esteem for anything that "won't even be printed."

The first step to re-establishing a broader relationship between contemporary music and the public must be the systematic publication and widest practical distribution of new scores. At this point the "realistic" business spokesman declares that such a scheme is financially impossible, because the cost of publishing new scores will not be justified by any commensurate demand. While there can be no doubt that a broad scheme with a long-range view does not necessarily coincide with short-term business interests, there is some proof that the printing and energetic distribution of new music would be advantageous to the publishers too. A music dealer in New York City told me that he sells more copies of certain English scores, though the composers are practically unknown and rarely performed, than scores of composers residing in this country who are better known. The English publishers have a system of sending copies of new works to magazines for review, regardless of performances, and some of these magazines reach American readers who translate their interest into purchases.



In most cases our music publishers function merely as agents for a musical work; even that they undertake often only after the first performance has taken place. They do not print or engrave anything, they simply contact performers in an effort to "place" the work for performances.

It must seem absurd to anyone with common sense that any type of human endeavor can possibly become popular without a modern system of general distribution. In the field of light music, it is a matter of course that, without the most ingenious means of propaganda and distribution, no popularity of any kind would be possible. How then can we expect the far more exacting, and sometimes problematic, forms of serious music to become more widely known without utilizing the basic means of modern distribution?

After publishers have selected the works for publication, copies must be sent to the music critics for review. If the key figures of public information are to be counted upon in supporting the efforts of living composers, they must have the opportunity to read and study new scores, which as all new and controversial subjects, must be available for extensive perusal. If the present state should continue, contemporary music will remain a matter of interest for a few professional musicians only.

THERE is much pride about the growing popularity of serious music; there are many claims about the widening audience. Although it is impossible to gauge precisely how much the "music public" has grown, there is general agreement that the responsible factors for this increased audience have been the popularity of the radio and the expansion of the recording industry—or, that is, greater availability and easier accessibility. Modern music, which has been passing through several decades of experimentation, cannot claim the position of having established itself, as the so-called standard repertoire of music was "established" even before the radio and the phonograph were invented. There it was easy to buy the accepted works and distribute them. If one wants to be facetious, one may say that radio and phonograph are doing a pioneer job on Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikovsky, and Wagner. That in itself will not aid modern music which at this time requires first and foremost to be directed into proper channels.

The question of the future of music fundamentally is this: Can music become democratic without losing its dignity and integrity, or must music remain the exclusive property of a minority? The accepted growth of the audience for serious classic and romantic music proves very little. Without continuing renewal, no art form

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can endure; without a firmly and generally accepted contemporary music, the present boom of "serious music" will be only a passing phenomenon of our generation.

If we face the issue frankly and if we don't fall victims to easy complacency which would make us believe that we are progressing splendidly toward a broader musical culture, we can accomplish much that needs to be done. The immediate need is for infinitely greater availability of contemporary music through published scores which then will become focal points for discussion. Thereby more information will reach the public and ultimately the knowledge of *reading music* will increase. Literacy is, after all, one of the fundamental criteria of any culture in the Western World.

Erich Leinsdorf, absent on leave from his regular post as conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, is guest conductor at the Metropolitan Opera this season.

What's New in Music

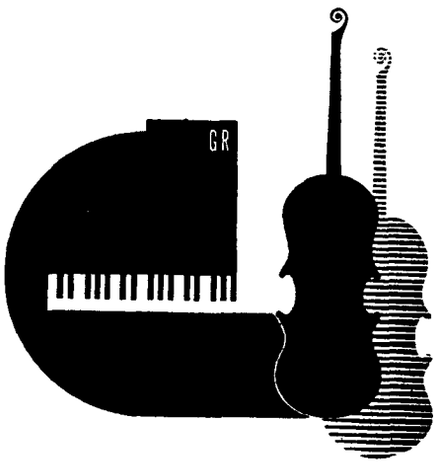
ELLIOTT CARTER

AMERICAN publishers have been particularly successful this year in supplying the markets which European editors once controlled. Printings of older music are becoming more adventurous and those of new works keep us abreast of what many established contemporaries are writing, if not of the more significant pieces of lesser known composers. Among these latter, the choices of American editors do not reveal the sureness and variety of, say, the Universal Edition in Vienna, or of some of the French publications. To be sure, we have our *New Monthly Quarterly* and a small group of more or less private publishers such as the Valley Music Press which is under the aegis of Smith and Mount Holyoke Colleges that partly supply this need and bring before us a certain limited number of works of unusual and striking stamp that for one reason or another do not find their way into the catalogues of well-known firms. But such publications as these do not have the facilities of printing and distribution and are often difficult to come by.

Publishers here are beginning to bring out various kinds of music of the past that have exercised a profound effect on the minds of contemporary musicians but that are still not very well known to the music public. The two Fantasies from the Dolmetsch Collection, one by William Lawes and the more interesting one by John Jenkins giving both a score for consort of viols and a modern arrangement for modern string orchestra (G. Schirmer), while not as interesting as similar works by Gibbons and Purcell, make the richly contrapuntal style of seventeenth century instrumental music more accessible. Likewise, the transcription by Celius Dougherty for two pianos of a monumental and brilliant "Prelude and Fugue" (G. Schirmer) by one of the great organists of the period, Dietrich Buxtehude, well serves this purpose. That music of this time continues to exert its fascination on contemporary composers is revealed in Alexandre Tansman's elegantly written "Variations on a Theme by Girolamo Frescobaldi" for string orchestra (Associated Music Publishers).

Bach's "Musical Offering" to Frederick II, containing thirteen pieces built around a theme composed by that king was once considered one of those works whose ingenuity is more interesting than its expressive content. Now after several hearings here that revealed its great beauties, musicians are beginning to revise their opinions of the work. The meticulous edition prepared by Dr. Hans T. David (G. Schirmer) completely replaces the old German Peters Edition, in solving all the practical problems of performance and gives us an opportunity of coming to know a score that is bound to become more widely known.

Although the public in America has never shown a great interest in the music of Gustav Mahler nor of Gabriel Fauré, these two have exerted a strong influence on much new music. G. Schirmer, sole publishers of one of Fauré's finest chamber works, his "First Quintet in D minor" for piano and strings (a piece that was scarcely known in France because of the difficulty of obtaining the edition there) has reprinted some of this composer's most attractive piano music in album form. One might quarrel with the choice which excludes some of the composer's more brilliant and vigorous pieces and includes an "Improvisation" written as a sight reading examination for piano students of the Conservatoire, "Clair de lune" an arrangement of a song, and "Berceuse" originally part of Fauré's amiable "Dolly" suite for piano four-hands, which loses some of its charming naivete in the present two-hand version. Nonetheless, the album gives a very good idea of the composer's most touching qualities.



The scores of the first four Mahler symphonies and particularly of the ninth with excellent analyses by Fritz Stiedry (Boosey and Hawkes) give a very complete picture of how the Austrian composer achieved those remarkable orchestral sounds in which the different instruments and instrumental groups move on lonely paths unsupported by each other. The present vogue of Shostakovitch, whose recent music is so completely based on the practises of Mahler, may result in bringing this symphonist's music more into view. In any case, these vast scores show a plasticity of handling the instruments and a knowledge of all the secrets of the symphony orchestra of a master of orchestration. A volume of eight songs with German texts and good English translations (Boosey and Hawkes) provides a more readily approachable introduction to Mahler's highly personal slant on late nineteenth century romanticism.

A VERY broad classification of contemporary music might divide the field into two main groups of composers: the innovators of musical techniques, whose works not only have a new sound but also develop in unusual ways; and those who, using the materials discovered by the innovators of the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, seek to find a broader and freer method of expression in which some special personal feeling or character is featured. Arnold Schoenberg, whose "Piano Concerto" was performed last year by Leopold Stokowski and Edward Steuermann over NBC, is, of course, one of the leading figures of the former group. This work, arranged for two-pianos (G. Schirmer) which exhibits a much larger range of expressive content than many he has written is probably one of his finest large pieces. It is certainly one of the most remarkable creations of recent times from the point of view of thoroughgoing originality, mastery of technique, and creative imagination.

Another one of the well-known innovators, Paul Hindemith, has swept

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aside in his new "String Quartet in E Flat" (Associated Music Publishers) the rather barren quality of some of his recent music and written a work which is informed at every point with content. The slow first movement is one of the finest and most complete realizations of that deeply melancholy and poignant vein so characteristic of the composer's best, while the succeeding ones, by turns lively and calm, reveal what a master of the string quartet the composer is. Oddly enough, he seems to write with greater freedom in this medium than he does for orchestra where his habit of pitting one group of instruments against another sometimes proves a hampering limitation as in his little ballet overture "Cupid and Psyche" (Associated Music Publishers).

The very opposite is true of Igor Stravinsky who always seems most at home in the orchestra, especially when he chances upon some new idea for its handling. Having traversed all kinds of musical styles from Russian folk music to seventeenth century French opera and molded them into something entirely his own, he now turns to circus music in the "Circus Polka" and the music of Grieg in the "Four Norwegian Moods" (Associated Music Publishers). It goes without saying that something comes out that is pure Stravinsky and very good music on a rather small scale.

When two old stand-bys like the violin and piano are made to sound in a new way, one might think that the composer was searching after strange effects, meant more to astonish than to convey any kind of real musical intention. But the "Sonata for Violin and Piano" of Aaron Copland (Boosey and Hawkes), while giving the instruments a new tone of voice that is at one time unusually tender or at others gay and bright, never fails in musical interest. On the surface the score looks simple enough, but on hearing it, one is impressed by its very special beauty, its artfully manipulated sonorities that sound entirely natural. It is a work of special excellence, another in what is becoming a highly impressive list of works by this outstanding composer.

Turning to compositions by men whose aim is to consolidate the newer discoveries, the "Second Symphony" of Walter Piston (Arrow Music Press) easily steals the show. In it Piston has brought into focus all the best qualities of his previous music, painstaking craftsmanship, distinction of material, and a continuously intelligible musical speech. Each of the three movements is well planned to hold the listener's interest as they move with clarity and beauty in a direct line from beginning to end. Works that combine these technical qualities with a warmth and an expansiveness of feeling are rare and this one is a very real contribution to American orchestral literature.

By a less well-known composer, "For an Unknown Soldier" for flute and strings by Hunter Johnson (The Valley Music Press) stands out for its deeply felt lyricism and its highly personal style, a style that springs from that of Roy Harris but has gone its own way. In this short but impressive work, which is written with sureness of taste and complete consistency of intention, the composer reveals a true musical sensibility which never nods at any point. The somber and introspective mood, highly appropriate to the title, is far more moving than many less sincere but flashier works on a similar elegiac subject.

The fervent feeling of William Schuman's music makes it noteworthy. His "Symphony for Strings" (G. Schirmer) exhibits rather uneven thematic material and a somewhat uncontrolled formal organization, faults that might have completely ruined a work by a composer whose feelings were less intense. These apparent handicaps, which prevent the music from attaining its full intelligibility and amplitude of expression, seem to come from a determination on the part of the composer to find a new musical form that will serve his purposes without reliance on the familiar devices of composition and viewed in this way deserve a certain respect. Each new work is a step in the direction of finding a technique suitable to his ideas. It is an interesting struggle to follow particularly when the composer has something to say, as is apparently the case with Schuman.

Alexandre Tansman's "Second Piano Concerto" (Associated Music Publishers) presents no problem whatever and attains its none too interesting ends in a completely competent fashion. The composer is hardly at his best in this slick, florid style of writing in which the melodic element is reduced to zero and the same bitter-sweet polytonal chords recur on practically every page. A much more interesting "Violin Concerto," by Nikolai Lopatnikoff (Associated Music) does a neat neoclassical job of showing off the solo instrument and avoids the dryness of some works in this style.

Of chamber music, Bohuslav Martinu's "Sonata No. 2" for 'cello and piano (Associated Music) is one of the most finished products. Like many works he has written since he came to this country, this relies on many procedures of the romantic sonata, but is saved from academicism by a lightness of touch, a fluidity of rhythm, and a delicacy of harmony.

Virgil Thomson's music often seems based on an esthetic point of view that constantly eludes the listener. His "String Quartet Number 1" (Arrow Music Press) gives the instrumentalists a chance to do all the things they enjoy playing, fast scales, arpeggios, double stops, legato melodies, and held notes. These are all pasted together in a pleasantly disintegrated way with a few wrong notes thrown in now and then. It is as if the composer got impatient of following any idea for long.

While Nicolai Berezowsky's "Fan-

(*Continued on page* 34)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

The words of wisdom quoted below were uttered by ten widely assorted but well-known characters of fiction. How many of the quotations do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each character identified, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 37.

1. "To thine own self be true, and it shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."
2. "Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."
3. "Annual incomes twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness; annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."
4. " 'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion."
5. "Speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes: he only does it to annoy because he knows it teases."
6. "I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well."
7. "When in doubt, tell the truth."
8. "When you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."
9. "And how can man die better than facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods?"
10. "Be careful to be guided by this golden rule: Stick close to your desks and never go to sea and you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee."

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Strictly Personal

DUET ON A BUS

I OVERHEARD a bus conversation the other day. It was a long one, lasting from Grant's Tomb to Forty-second Street. A young Frenchman, recently arrived, was apparently being shown the city by a lady of middle age who took her culture as a heavy responsibility. I suspect she had been reading an article about American Opera which appeared in *Opera News*. It went something like this:

"I shall be happy to attend the opening of the Opera."

"Yes, it couldn't be nicer. 'Faust,' you know."

"It will be amusing to hear 'Faust' in English."

"Oh this won't be in English. All our operas are done in the original language."

"Why? Do American audiences understand French?"

"No, but it is much more artistic that way and the singers' French is usually so poor even French audiences wouldn't be able to understand them."

"The singers aren't French then?"

"Only one or two. Albanese will be Marguerite and Pinza Mephistopheles. They are both Italian."

"What happens in the Italian operas? Are they sung by Italians?"

"Well, now let's see. In 'Rigoletto' there's Tibbett, Kullman as the Duke, Antoine as Gilda, and Kaskas as Maddalena."

"They're all Americans, aren't they?"

"So they are. Well they sing Italian anyway. Isn't it wonderful so many of our best singers are American now."

"It is an amusing idea, operas in the original language. Is 'Boris Godounov' sung in Russian?"

"No, that would be too hard except for Kipnis. He's Russian. The rest of them sing Italian."

"You mean at the same time?"

"Yes, most of them are not Italians but it seems a good language to use."

"Why?"

"Well, you see in the old days there were really two companies at the Metropolitan, the German and the Italian. I suppose when this opera came into the repertory the Italian wing sang it."

"Why don't they sing it in English? That is closer to the Russian in sound and the audience might understand it better."

"Well, we have tried some operas in English but I don't believe the public likes it."

"Why not? Are they afraid they might catch a few words?"

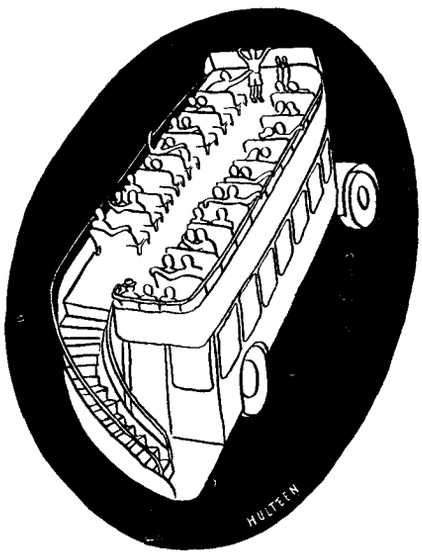
"Well, you know those old operas often have very silly words. It is really more artistic just to ignore them."

"Well, of course, the modern operas often have more interesting libretti. I see that Weinberger, Montemezzi, Milhaud, and Hindemith all live here now. How are their new operas?"

"Are they opera composers?"

"Of course. Their operas are known everywhere in Europe. Very popular too."

"I do remember 'The Love of Three Kings.' The music was lovely but the



story mixed me up. I didn't have time to read the libretto before I went."

"It was sung in Italian?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, I suppose the European composers have little chance because all the new operas are written by Americans."

"Oh no. Americans don't write operas. At least not any more. We used to have one American opera a year at the Metropolitan but that was when Gatti-Casazza was director. He was a foreigner and he probably thought it would be polite to give American operas."

"Did the public like them?"

"I am afraid not very much. You see in those days the most popular singers were Italian and German and they sounded funny trying to sing English. When the American singers were used they didn't draw at the box office. I often think the public comes to hear favorite singers no matter what they sing."

"But you said your best singers are Americans now. Wouldn't the public come to hear Grace Moore, Swarthout, Peerce, and Tibbett in an American opera?"

"Possibly, but it is awfully risky trying out new works."

"Why not try them out in the other opera companies? Chicago or San Francisco?"

"Well, you see, those companies are really just the Metropolitan more or less moved out."

"Same operas, same casts?"

"Practically. You see, the people out there want only the best and it must be as much like the Metropolitan as they can make it."

"Well, why not try out the new operas in the provincial opera houses?"

"We really haven't any provincial opera. There are some touring companies, some of them even with Metropolitan stars. But there are the civic opera festivals."

"What are those?"

"Well, they are quite wonderful. The public spirited citizens put them on with local talent. You know, organize something like a performance of 'Aida.'"

"Is the idea of the festival to make money?"

"Heavens, no. It is all purely cultural and artistic. You know America is making great strides musically."

"And I suppose the way for these people to show it is to give an opera with a book everyone thinks is silly in a language no one can understand. Why don't they produce a new opera by some American composer? Aren't there any good American composers?"

"Of course. There are many American works played on our concert programs."

"Why not American opera then?"

"Well, I think it is the American composer's fault. If he could only write lovely melodies like those in 'Carmen' and 'Faust' and 'Madame Butterfly' he would have an immediate success, the public would be at his feet."

"But all three of those operas were failures when they were first produced. It was only after a time that the public came to like them."

"I am afraid you don't understand our attitude about opera. You talk about it as if it were a form of entertainment."

"It has always been so regarded in Europe."

"Really. Well with us it is a cultural and educational experience. When we want entertainment, we go to the theatre or the movies."

"What about Billy Rose's production of 'Carmen?'"

"Oh that. Well, it had an all-colored

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cast and they acted so well. I think the public liked it because the book was modern and they could understand the words."

"It was sung in English then?"

"Of course."

"But you wouldn't call it opera?"

"Well, after all it is 'Carmen,' and it was very well produced in a theatre where you could see and hear everything."

"But surely it could not have been successful with the public?"

"It has been playing for a whole year."

"Here we are at Forty-second Street. Let us go buy our tickets for 'Faust.'" DOUGLAS MOORE.

A Music Reader's Almanac for '45

ACTIVITY in the field of books on music seems to be quite lively. The publishers' projected list for 1945 covers a wide range, from jazz and children's song books to treatises on counterpoint and scholarly monographs.

Young Scott Books announces a book called "Keep Singing, Keep Humming," edited by Margaret Bradford. An interesting feature of this book is that it contains play songs and story songs, some of them contributed by the children themselves.

Prentice-Hall will bring out Edwin Stringham's "Listening to Music Creatively."

Thomas Y. Crowell schedules for April "Music of Latin America," by Nicolas Slonimsky, which they believe is the first book on the musical expression of Central and South America. The book will include a dictionary of musicians, instruments, and dance forms.

Simon & Schuster presents a psychological portrait entitled "The Life and Death of Enrico Caruso," by the famous tenor's wife.

The impressive list of Crofts's textbooks shows three valuable additions. "The Basic Principles of the Technique of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Compositions," by Allen I. McHose . . . a textbook designed to lay the foundation for an understanding of eighteenth and nineteenth century composition. "The Harmonic and Contrapuntal Technique of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," by Allen I. McHose . . . an analysis of the musical style of two centuries, from Bach to Beethoven. "Direct Approach to Counterpoint in Sixteenth Century Style," by Gustave Frederic Soderlund . . . the contrapuntal technique of the sixteenth century as seen through a study of the living works of the composers.

Pantheon Books is planning a comprehensive collection of Mendelssohn's letters, edited by G. Selden Goth, which will be welcome by all who are interested in the lively background of the Romantic movement.

Norton's list dwarfs everything else by the magnitude of its enterprise: a large six-volume "History of Music," three of which will be ready by 1945—opens the list. The contributing authors are Alfred Einstein, Gustave Reese, Manfred Bukofzer, Paul Lang, and Curt Sachs. A new evaluation of contemporary music by the distinguished Spanish scholar Adolfo Salazar will be among the several works to appear in the historical series. An interesting new undertaking is a series devoted to "Old Classics." C. P. E. Bach's the "True Art of Playing the Keyboard" will be the second work in this series, to be followed by Modern Critical English Translations of Rameau's "Harmony" and Marpurg's "Fugue." Another series called "Readers" will comprise the "Bach Reader," the "Wagner," "Mozart," and Beethoven "Readers." An especially important reader will be a monumental anthology of significant writings on music from Plato to the present day, edited by Professor W. Oliver Strunk. Among the more personal documents, Norton offers the little-known diaries of Tschaikowsky, and the letters of Mussorgsky. In the field of musical theory, Walter Piston has a volume on "Counterpoint" ready for the printer. Norton's plans call for a number of other works, notably in the field of American music.

P. H. L.

Czech Composer

BOHUSLAV MARTINU, THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Milos Safranek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 127 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLIOTT CARTER

A BOOK about a single contemporary composer, alive and pursuing his career, is so rare today that when one appears one cannot fail to wonder how the choice of subject was made. Mr. Safranek's volume singles out for this distinction a composer who, along with Jaromir Weinberger and Ernst Krenek, is one of the leading Czechs in the field of contemporary music, but who is scarcely a figure of the eminence of many who live in America today. Martinu is one of a group of musicians whose reputation is now being made. His masterly and warmly human music is just beginning to find a place in our concert repertoire, and is not yet firmly established there, as is the music of Igor Stravinsky, Bela Bartok, and a certain number of others about whom no extensive publications have appeared in this country.

But this enthusiastic encomium of the composer by one who is not too familiar with contemporary music gives its intention away in too many places to leave any doubt as to its relation to other efforts of Czechoslovak publicity aimed at keeping up our interest and esteem for that admirable republic during the war. To have realized his intention successfully, of course, the author should never have allowed the reader to suspect the validity of his material. Information about the composer is too often turned into a plug for Czechoslovakia, and the author is not above indulging in various political squabbles, out of place today, and certainly out of place in a book whose main intent should be to inform. It is rather ungracious, for instance, for him perpetually to condemn Parisian musical life and French music, especially since the composer spent most of his musical life in Paris and owes a great debt to the styles of many French composers. The incessant flattery of the United States is likewise a litle transparent. After all the composer came to this country under the pressure of necessity and would probably still be in France, making occasional trips to Prague, if the war had not occurred. Yet Safranek claims that Parisian life and French music were almost uncongenial to the composer, while America affords new horizons and a new freedom for him. A far more effective book would have resulted if the influences of Stravinsky, Honnegger, and Roussel had been dealt with frankly and

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Martinu's attitude about them discussed. Instead of this, the author plays up the folk-lore side of the composer's music, a side by which he was very little known before he came to this country, but which since that time has played an increasingly important role in his music. Shortcomings like these give the book the character of a pamphlet of the type issued by information services of various governments in exile during the war. In truth, the book is not really long enough or well-rounded enough to have appeared on the market.

However, it does contain certain useful features. It gives an interesting account of the composer's early life and a discussion of his many operas which are completely unknown here, as well as a complete list of the composer's works. As a critique of these it is not very convincing, partially due to the writer's lack of musical background and partially because of the lack of perspective which is a common fault of all critics of new music. It is still up to the musical world to evaluate Martinu's music at its true worth, in spite of Safranek's high-pressured assurances of its surpassing merits.

Elliott Carter is a composer and author. His first symphony was a feature of the American Festival at Rochester last spring.

Mr. Haggin's Dominant Chords

MUSIC FOR THE MAN WHO ENJOYS HAMLET. By B. H. Haggin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 129 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROGER SESSIONS

A PROFESSIONAL musician, perhaps, is not the ideal reviewer for a book like Mr. Haggin's. As the title states, it is written for the layman. It is one of the best of many such books; like most of them, it is written by one who is himself a layman at least to the extent of not being personally responsible, either as composer or performer, for the actual production of music. By this I do not, of course, mean to imply any disrespect for Mr. Haggin. He is a sensitive and thoughtful man; his love for music is obvious and genuine, and he has both considerable acquaintance with music and information regarding it. But the musical bearing of his book is of necessity elementary and in no way does it pretend to be especially new or especially profound. Since it is not intended for the musician, the latter must guard against impatience with what may seem to him banal or inaccurate or clumsily expressed. He should, in fact, remain grateful to Mr. Haggin for his fresh enthusiasm for some of the supreme works of music, and above all for his acknowledgment of the fact that they are supreme human creations which, like great works of literature, demand far more of their devotees than the casual attention and occasional hearings which seem so often to be considered quite adequate.

One must be grateful, too, for his comprehension of the too often misunderstood fact that music, or any art whatever, is to be approached directly, and that historical information, or musicological lore, however interesting, belong to a quite different category, and have exactly no bearing whatever on musical essentials; that the only

—*Walker Evans*

B. H. Haggin

valid approach to music is through music, and that, for instance, the key to the interpretation of Bach must be sought in devoted and intimate study of the music which he wrote, not in the revival of extinct instruments, theories about eighteenth-century "interpretative style" (of which we can have no conceivably accurate idea), or other devious and essentially dilettantesque evasions of the real problem, which is the discovery and communication of the thought and the spirit of the composer as embodied in his tones and rhythms.

Having acknowledged this—and it is a good deal—certain reservations are unavoidable. Some of these are of a general nature, and apply rather to the kind of task which he has undertaken than to his manner of fulfilling it. Such a book is typical of a culture in which music, too, is subject to the techniques of mass-distribution; in which like other products it is "sold" to as many people as possible, and in which the demands of the product itself, and the deeper satisfactions which the consumer may derive from it, tend both to be swallowed up in sales technique. Not that the popularizers of music, and least of all Mr. Haggin, have any such intent. But the habits and attitudes of salesmanship are deeply ingrained in our civilization, and are often adopted unconsciously and without too much thought as to exactly what is being sold, or why. Thus in books on music the reader is too often provided with a small amount of rudimentary and frequently dubious erudition, a little desultory and equally dubious analysis, a few quotations snatched from their contexts, interspersed with enthusiastic but highly subjective interpretative comments which purport to convey the inner essence of the music. Such a method of approach is taken for granted as valid for music—imagine it, however, as applied to such a literary masterpiece as "Hamlet"! The seeker after poetic experience would be filled with facts about Shakespeare's life, Elizabethan literary style, or the theatre in Shakespeare's day; with theories of prosody, analyses of dramatic form, all on a very rudimentary scale such as to cause heavy groans among those possessed of real knowledge. At best he would, instead of answers to his real and valid questions, regarding difficulties of language or allusion, be furnished with ready-made and second-hand end-products of experience, some of them interesting and valid in themselves, but irrelevant as a means of access to the drama itself. Were he very naive this would no doubt give him a comfortable illusion of special intimacy or even quasi-proprietorship; but a little reflection might show him clearly that nothing but immediate, many-sided contact with the work itself can convey its real impact, without which understanding is out of the question. Why should it be otherwise with music, which is in the last analysis incommensurable with spoken or written language?

Mr. Haggin realizes this more clearly than most, and warns the reader accordingly. He then proceeds, however, largely to ignore his own warning. His book is full of description of a very subjective type, to which he has every right on his own account; but aside from the fact that this can often be misleading to the beginner, it is inevitably highly personal. One might often take issue with the expression without differing from Mr. Haggin in any musical essential. This reviewer agrees with Mr. Haggin, finds Schnabel's performance of Beethoven's Op. 111 "incomparable"; but he would not dream of describing the third Variation in the slow movement as "suddenly impassioned and violent"—it con-

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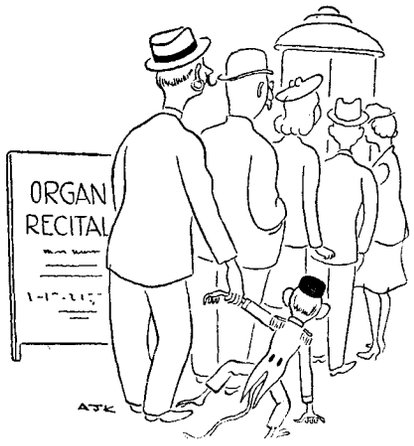
veys to him a quite other sense, and the words seem to him quite false, as would any performance which should strive to produce such an effect. The essential, however, is neither the passion and violence which Mr. Haggin finds in it, nor the unearthly and luminous ecstasy which it more nearly conveys to this writer; it is simply the music itself, which is impervious to all adjectives, and independent of the personal reactions of all of us.

Then again, Mr. Haggin's book contains its share of dreary quasi-analytical description—too dreadful to read even for one who knows the music well enough to plow through such pages as page 27 without referring to the score. How much more so must it prove for "the man who enjoys 'Hamlet,' " forced to verify Mr. Haggin's remarks by constant reference to a book full of unfamiliar printed musical symbols, or patiently and wistfully measuring off sixteenths of an inch on his gramophone records with the help of the pasteboard ruler furnished as standard equipment with the book. Truly music is a serious and difficult business!

The gramophone, and the possibilities of repeated hearing which it furnishes, are in fact at the center of Mr. Haggin's plan of study. It may certainly be taken for granted that for a large and growing number of musical listeners the gramophone plays a role analogous to that played by the amateur performer in his own home. Mr. Haggin clearly aims to make the gramophone or radio enthusiast more of a genuine participant in music: an essential aim if musical culture is to flourish in the United States. He might well, however, have devoted some attention to the limitations of the gramophone for his purpose. I do not refer so much to the more obvious physical and acoustical limitations which technology will doubtless eventually eliminate, but rather to the more subtle ones, such as the lack of immediate and vital rapport between listener and performer, the deadening effect of too often repeated hearings of exactly the same mechanically reproduced musical gesture, or the curious lack of perspective which to some extent distorts all ensemble music, through the mere fact that all the sounds reach the hearer from the same spot. These are not limitations which prevent the gramophone from fulfilling a useful and even indispensable function, but facts to be pointed out as essential warnings to the "man who enjoys 'Hamlet,' " whose musical susceptibilities Mr. Haggin honors so highly as to start him on his musical voyage with one of the most exacting of masterpieces.

What the reviewer seriously questions, in fact, is the efficacy of the whole approach which Mr. Haggin's book represents. Thinking in terms, not of "the man who enjoys 'Hamlet,' " but of the layman eager for vital musical experience, would it not suit the latter's purposes better if he could be introduced, much more simply and unpretentiously, to the elements of musical expression—to the actual sensations produced by rhythm, melody, harmony, polyphony? Would it not be better, for instance, instead of introducing him systematically to classical forms—Variations, fugue, sonata, concerto, quartet, *Lied,* and opera, in Mr. Haggin's order—rather to try to clarify for him what is, after all, the real problem of the uninitiated listener—that is, not "form" but the musical language itself? Instead of exclaiming ecstatically over this or that detail of a passage like the one on page 74, from Mozart's G minor Symphony, it would seem better to try to give the reader some idea of the real contour, the real movement, of the whole passage—its progressions, its contours, and, to use a term which Mr. Haggin likes but does not use in a very clear sense, its "tensions" and their resolutions. In other words, a set of clear illustrations of the various elements of musical expression, and a demonstration of the way in which musical forms grow inevitably out of their nature, would seem to meet the layman's needs far better than the mixture of rhapsody and conventional theory which Mr. Haggin, like the vast majority of his musico-literary confreres, for the most part, offers him.



A BOOK of the kind suggested would demand a very considerable degree of musical background and insight—technical and otherwise: more than Mr. Haggin gives evidence of possessing, and far more, in fact, than the aim of the present book requires. The "man who enjoys 'Hamlet' " has not, at this stage of his musical development, any need for precise technical information, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Haggin's occasional lapses in this regard seriously detract from the value of the book. Unfortunately there are some rather striking ones which the conscientious reviewer cannot entirely pass over. Instances may be found, on page 70, where Mr. Haggin draws attention to so-called "shifts in tonality" at points where nothing conceivably answering that descriptions occurs; or on page 73 where, in another quotation, likewise from Mozart's G minor Symphony, he misses the whole rhythmic point of the passage by depriving one of two opposing phrases of its final note. More serious from the point of view of the layman is the academic fussiness of some of his analyses—instances may be found on pp. 14-15, 67, 70, 79, etc.—in which he divides into small fragments passages whose whole sense resides in their unbroken unity, which is in no way compromised by the fact that in some of the cases the composers use detached fragments in quite other contexts later in the works. No doubt Mr. Haggin is himself perfectly aware of this unity; but why then does he consider it helpful to promote distorted impressions not only of the music in question but of the very structure of the composer's musical thought?

It must be reiterated once more that Mr. Haggin's book is superior to most of the other books of its kind. He has set standards for himself, and the examples he has chosen show clearly his awareness of the highest demands which music can make, as well as his real love for what is truly great in music. This is a valuable and even outstanding quality in a time and place where the critic of one of the leading journals can brush aside one of Mozart's greatest Piano Concerti with the remark that "any of Mozart's lesser contemporaries could have written it before breakfast." But we must guard against producing mere snobs, and some of the tendencies exemplified in Mr. Haggin's book seem more calculated to do that than to form genuine lovers of music.

Roger Sessions, well-known composer and author, is a member of the Music Department at Princeton University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 564)

HOWE:

AN APPRECIATION OF CANADA

(JULY 29, 1841, IN *The Nova Scotian*)

Canada is a country to be proud of; . . . to cherish a love for the sublime and . . . beautiful; . . . to take its stand among the nations of the earth in spite of all the circumstances which have hitherto retarded and may still retard her progress.

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A Dictionary of Musical Essentials

HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. By Willi Apel. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1944. 824 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by GUSTAVE REESE

NEW dictionaries on various aspects of music, or revised editions of old dictionaries, have appeared in large numbers in the last ten years. Nevertheless, Dr. Apel has not carried coals to Newcastle. On the contrary, he has recognized the need—and has set out to supply it—for a one-volume reference work dealing with non-biographical phases of the art, a work that would, in particular, take into account the results of recent musical research instead of repeating hoary blunders in altered language. In the main he has succeeded admirably. To be sure, some musicologists will take exception, here and there, to statements bearing on their special subjects. But Dr. Apel has placed in his debt the experienced scholar as well as the earnest amateur.

By excluding biographies, which are adequately handled in other recent reference books, Dr. Apel has been able to concentrate on essentially musical topics. Terms are defined and the things they represent, if important enough, are traced historically or analyzed technically, or both. Although Dr. Apel has had assistants, the great bulk of the book is his. He has written with the authority and skill of a good lexicographer on an immense variety of subjects—Acoustics, Braille music notation, Chinese Music, Gregorian Chant, Jazz, Mannheim School, Minnesinger, Oratorio, Sonata, Tablature, Thoroughbrass, Twelve-tone Technique, Verset, Yodel. There are excellent articles on Latin American music, by Gilbert Chase, and on Ornamentation (including special short studies of the several types), by Putnam Aldrich, to single out only two contributors. The Aldrich articles as well as several of Dr. Apel's (*e.g.*, the one on dotted notes) should be of very practical use to performers. Some readers would perhaps be willing to sacrifice the brief summaries of opera plots in exchange for a fuller discussion of conflicting views, where articles treat of controversial subjects.

An outstanding virtue of the book is its well chosen, up-to-date bibliographies. In this respect it is almost alone among musical dictionaries in English. Any student wishing to investigate a particular subject is given an excellent start, not only by what the Dictionary itself states but by the further material to which it judiciously draws attention.

Another signal virtue is Dr. Apel's attempt to correct widely circulated errors, not merely by giving the right information but by calling attention to the mistakes and warning the reader against them. Useful also is his pointing out where undue importance has commonly been attached to unimportant matters.

Some readers will doubtless be irked by the strong German cast of the book. There are many more definitions of terms from the German than from any other foreign language. But we feel that if Dr. Apel has sinned in this respect, he has sinned in the right direction. Many a long-suffering student, beset on all sides by unexplained German terms, even in non-German literature on music, will bless his name. This, of course, does not excuse such an entry as "Dilettant [G.] Amateur" (in which G stands for German), without so much as a bow to Italy. Nor, when writing in English, should one refer to the Palatinate as "Pfalzbayern" (p. 423). Also, occasionally some unidiomatic writing has escaped the attention of the editors, though there is not enough of this to constitute a serious blemish. In fact, the book is more readable than might be expected of a work of its character, notwithstanding a profusion of cross-references.

Where there is so much to praise, it may seem carping to censure details. But it is in a dictionary, of all places, that details should be handled with circumspection. Misprints and similar slips assume special importance in such a work, since they are apt to be taken over bodily into new writings. Unfortunately such errors are rather numerous in this dictionary. French words and proper names perhaps fare worse than others, but even German does not escape the blight. The olive grove of Academe becomes an "oil grove" (p. 5), Charles T. Griffes's surname is given as "Griffith" (p. 34), Debussy's "La Cathédrale engloutie" is called "Le Cathédral englouti" (p. 84), etc., etc. Carelessness is reflected in other ways also. On p. 63, we are told that Schubert's "Ave Maria" is a well-known setting of the liturgical text, which will surprise those who have thought the words came from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The term "rondeau" is sometimes used for "rondo" (*e.g.*, p. 77). Some music examples invite criticism: The one illustrating the "species" of counterpoint (p. 192) takes excessive liberties; the one showing the use of the Church Modes in polyphony (p. 147) contains consecutive fifths and fails to present a Phrygian cadence although Dr. Apel says it "illustrates characteristic progressions of the six authentic modes" (the text on the Church Modes, however, is excellent); there is a wrong time-value in Ex. 3 on p. 53; the example of "Barbershop" harmony (p. 72) should have an 8 under the treble clef to prevent a reader from thinking that a wide distance between the second and third voices is a characteristic of such harmony (after all, a dictionary is primarily for the uninformed); etc.

Fortunately, there is so much of merit in Dr. Apel's Dictionary that it is certain to go through many printings and there will be ample opportunity to get rid of such mistakes. Even as it stands, the book is an invaluable tool to both student and scholar and should quickly become a standard reference work in every library.

Gustave Reese, distinguished musicologist, is the author of "Music in the Middle Ages."

—Cartoon by Steinberg. Permission of The New Yorker. *Copyright by The F.-R. Publishing Corporation.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 83

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 83 will be found in the next issue.

GU OGGISXG GU OVELJI PUTPILGIV XIUXRI LJ RLQI DALJGRLTZ OZOLTJG GAI DLTV.

—AUUV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 82

GENIUS MAY CONCEIVE, BUT PATIENT LABOR MUST CONSUMMATE.

—HORACE MANN.

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A Guide to the New Books on Music

An Annotated Selection, Compiled by

RICHARD S. ANGELL

THIS third annual compilation covers a rather meager year in the publication of books on music—a characterization which should cause no surprise, since the reasons, both spiritual and material, are obvious. Even in that ever-flourishing acre, "Introductory Guides," there is one less title to report than for 1943, the other categories having fallen off in higher proportion, if they have not temporarily disappeared. "Jazz," however, furnishes one exception, and perhaps a moral.

The list has again been limited to books published in this country, and while the needs of the general reader were principally in mind, books for specialists have not been excluded. "Juveniles," however, are not listed unless they were considered acceptable to adults, or, in the case of song collections, of value as family volumes.

The presence of plate illustrations, usually photographs, is indicated. Musical illustrations are found in most of the introductory guides and in some of the other volumes.

As 1945 opens, some promising titles are on the horizon, and can be expected within the year, or perhaps within the next few months. High on the list of those certain to be welcome are Alfred Einstein's "Mozart" (Oxford), and the "Bach Reader" (Norton), of Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel. Oxford also has no less than three titles in readiness by the late Sir Donald Francis Tovey: "Beethoven," "Chamber Music" (volume six of his "Essays in Musical Analysis"), and "Musical Articles from the Encyclopaedia Britannica." Evelyn Foster Morneweck's two-volume "Chronicles of Stephen Foster's Family" (University of Pittsburgh) promises to furnish valuable source material, and Nicolas Slonimsky's "Music of Latin America" (Crowell) will be a pioneer work.

REFERENCE WORKS

APEL, WILLI. "The Harvard Dictionary of Music." Harvard University Press. x, 824 pp. $6.

A valuable dictionary of technical and historical terms and subjects, the first of this kind in English to use and cite the international sources and literature systematically. Biography is excluded.

THOMPSON, OSCAR, editor. "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians." 3d ed. rev. and enl. Dodd, Mead. 2380 pp. $15.

Third printing, which still leaves the 1938 original basically unchanged. It is time for more extensive revision.

INTRODUCTORY GUIDES

DOWNES, EDWARD. "Adventures in Symphonic Music." Decorations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Farrar & Rinehart. xii, 323 pp. $2.50.

Very loosely organized around such topics as "Music and Politics." "Composers in Love," etc., these radio program notes offer the familiar anecdotes and comment in a style intended for "young people" but usually acceptable to their elders.

EWEN, DAVID. "Music for the Millions: the Encyclopedia of Musical Masterpieces." Arco Publishing Co. viii, 673 pp. $5.

A scrap book, from Albeniz to Wolf-Ferrari, of quotations from many writers (including, on occasion, the compiler), on the principal works of the present day repertory in orchestral music, piano, opera, and song. Brief biographies, and a recommended recording for each work, when available. Very little, naturally, about each composition, and not much of that is very interesting.

ERSKINE, JOHN. "What Is Music?" Lippincott. 212 pp. $2.75.

Part I gives the book its title, but its attempt to deal with esthetics, harmony, notation and its history, musical instruments, and the voice in 120 pages leads to results sometimes hardly short of alarming. Part II, on the role of musicians in contemporary society, is admirable and deserves wide study.

HAGGIN, BERNARD H. "Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet." Knopf. 130 pp. $2.75.

Eschewing anecdotes and small talk, Haggin takes the earnest listener straight into the roast beef course, counselling repeated listening to some material rather difficult for the beginner. By means of an only apparently forbidding shorthand, any desired fragment can be located on the available recordings—if you are willing to treat the music, and the records, that way. On the whole the book shows the author's awareness of the difficulty of writing for the layman.

SKOLSKY, SYD. "Evenings with Music." Dutton. 382 pp. $3.

The usual ingredients of a "how to listen" book have been jerked out of any reasonable relationship. The style is slick and the information out of focus. It may get you half a mile quickly but it will leave you there a long time.

HISTORY AND CRITICISM

APEL, WILLI. "The Notation of Polyphonic Music (900-1600)." 2d ed. Mediaeval Academy of America. xxv, 443, (28) pp. $4.50.

The first edition (1942) of this first substantial English work in a basic historical field was a valuable contribution, though in at least one opinion basically at fault in adopting the reverse-historical order of presentation. The second edition incorporates the corrections but not the "divergent opinions" submitted by several scholars.

VEINUS, ABRAHAM. "The Concerto." Doubleday, Doran. 312 pp. $3.50.

The book starts too early, but in general is an ably planned historical and esthetic study of a subject neglected in the English literature. The critical comment is sometimes penetrating, sometimes not.

BAIRSTOW, EDWARD. "The Evolution of Musical Form." Oxford, 1943. 119 pp. $2.25.

These essays, first presented as the Ferens Lectures for 1940 at University College, Hull, offer familiar material in written down form.

WESTRUP, JACK ALLAN. "British Music." Longmans. 40 pp. 36c. (British Life and Thought, No. 18). Illustrated.

The current scene, with historical references, in such fields as choral singing, concert life, opera, church music, education, scholarship, and composition. Lists of records and books.

ABRAHAM, GERALD. "Eight Soviet Composers." Oxford, 1943. 102 pp. $1.50.

Hampered by the unavailability in Western countries of a good deal of the music, this brief survey is especially useful for its information on the less well known figures.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

FIELD, LAURENCE N. "Johann Sebastian Bach." Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House. 1943. xxiv, 166 pp. $1.50.

Biography and criticism, of by no means profound character, with emphasis on Bach as a Lutheran.

BERGMANN, LEOLA NELSON. "Music Master of the Middle West." The Story of F. Melius Christiansen and the St. Olaf Choir. University of Minnesota Press. vii, 230 pp. $2.50. Illustrated.

Personal life and career of the Norwegian-born conductor whose choir and summer classes have exerted a considerable influence on choral singing, especially in the West.

MARKS, EDWARD B. "They All Had Glamour." From the Swedish Nightingale to the Naked Lady. Messner. xvii, 448 pp. $4.

Anecdotal account, with many contemporary illustrations, of some of the notable theatrical and operatic personalities of the 19th century, with many useful though loosely organized supplementary lists of names and repertories.

SAFRANEK, MILOS. "Bohuslav Martinu, the Man and His Music." Knopf. xviii, 127, vii pp. $3. Illustrated.

A friendly and perceptive account of the life and works of one of the most prolific of living composers. Good discussions of the music, of which some of the best are in the composer's own words. A bibliography of 124 chief works to October, 1943, includes fourteen composed in this country since March, 1941.

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MOORE, GRACE. "You're Only Human Once." Doubleday, Doran. 275 pp. $2.50.

A lively and interesting career in a straightforward account, which, after a temperate start, becomes somewhat too full of sailings, luncheons with the great, and crowded station platforms.

SACRED MUSIC

JACKSON, GEORGE PULLEN. "The Story of the Sacred Harp, 1844-1944." A book of religious folk song as an American institution. Vanderbilt University Press. 46 pp. $1. Illustrated.

Origin and history of a collection of religious music which started and maintained a tradition in the singing conventions of the Southern states.

MASON, HENRY LOWELL. "Hymn-tunes of Lowell Mason, a Bibliography." Harvard University Press. ix, 118 pp. $3.

Fourteen lists present a complete bibliography and index of the 1,697 original and arranged hymn-tunes produced by this famous 19th century figure in American music and music education.

OPERA

PELTZ, MARY ELLIS. "Metropolitan Opera Milestones." Metropolitan Opera Guild. vi, 74 pp. $1. Illustrated.

"This brief summary of the history of the Metropolitan Opera House outlines the developments of the theatre itself and the most outstanding events in its first sixty years." The events are chiefly premieres and debuts.

JAZZ AND POPULAR MUSIC

EWEN, DAVID. "Men of Popular Music." Ziff-Davis. 213 pp. $2.75. Illustrated.

Evolution of our popular music through the last forty years, told in the careers of fourteen composers and performers representative of its various aspects.

DELAUNAY, CHARLES. "Hot Discography." 1940 ed. Commodore Record Co. 1943. 416 pp. $2.50.

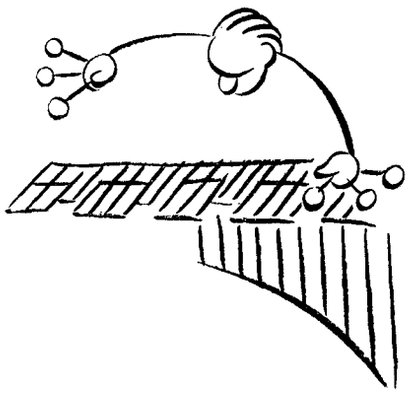
A reworking of the original edition of 1938, published in France. Known as "the collectors' Old Testament," this listing is arranged by bands, with information on their changing memberships. Matrix and disc numbers are given for each title and there is an index of performers.

GOFFIN, ROBERT. "Jazz, from the Congo to the Metropolitan." Introduction by Arnold Gingrich. Doubleday, Doran. xii, 254 pp. $2.50.

An ecstatic and entirely unorganized "history" by an avowed and early partisan. Sample: "Jazz is on its way to conquering the world and becoming the music of the world."

MILLER, PAUL EDWARD, editor. *"Esquire's* Jazz Book." Introduction by Arnold Gingrich. Smith & Durrell. ix, 230 pp. $2. Illustrated.

A collection of articles, many of them by the editor, on the esthetics, history, and personalities of hot jazz. Like much writing on the subject, this suffers from the deliberately flashy vocabulary and the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude toward non-devotees. Also, the conventional methods of criticism seem particularly unsuccessful when applied to jazz. The best feature is a 100-page "Musicians' Bio-discographies."



SONG COLLECTIONS

BARTLETT, ELLA HERBERT, editor. "Victor Herbert Songs for Children." Arranged and simplified by Margaret Bush. Illustrated by Guy Edgar Fry. Whittlesey House. 1943. 48 pp. $1.75.

A pleasant selection from the operettas of twelve songs suitable for children, which can be enjoyed by the whole family.

PALMER, EDGAR A., editor. "G.I. Songs." Written, Composed and/or Collected by the men in the service. Illustrated by Richard A. Loederer and Kurt Werth. Sheridan House. 252 pp. $2.75.

The songs soldiers sing, but not all are soldier songs, and of those that are, only a few have topical allusions to this war. A good many tunes are indicated, but music is provided sparingly and sometimes without accompaniment. Official and Tin Pan Alley war songs are excluded. By omitting some verses and ducking some rhymes, Mr. Palmer has made the book reasonably "safe."

POSSELT, ERIC, editor. "Give Out!" Songs of, by, and for the men in service. Arrowhead Press. 1943. 128 pp. $1.25.

Sixty-six songs, a few with melodies, some with tunes indicated. More characteristically a soldier collection than Palmer's, and like it, hampered by copyright difficulties.

SIEGMEISTER, ELIE, editor. "Work and Sing." William R. Scott. 96 pp. $2.50.

"A collection of the songs that built America."

WHEELER, OPAL, editor. "Sing for America." Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Dutton. 127 pp. $3.

Twenty favorite songs and spirituals, from "Yankee Doodle" to "Home on the Range" in a companion volume to last year's "Sing for Christmas," by the same editor and illustrator. Each song has a story, and I would trade all of them and most of the pictures for more songs. There is too much hymn-book harmony in the accompaniments.

MUSIC EDUCATION

BARNETT, DAVID. "Living with Music." Stewart. 62 pp. $1.50.

An account of the author's teaching in the Thomas School, based on the premise that every child has musical talent and can learn to sing, read, compose and play.

JEFFERS, EDMUND V. "Music for the General College Student." King's Crown Press. x, 213 pp. $2.50.

Good historical study of the place of music in the American college curriculum, with detailed material on the departments at Harvard, Oberlin, and Vassar. Presents the opposing points of view on the function of college music teaching and on the granting of credit for "applied" music.

CONDUCTING AND PERFORMANCE

FINN, WILLIAM JOSEPH. "The Conductor Raises His Baton." Foreword by Leopold Stokowski. Harper. x, 302 pp. $3.75

A murky style and dogmatic tone make it difficult to get at the material, which consists not so much of instruction as of an esthetic consideration of the elements of choral performance and conducting. The author is founder of the Paulist Choristers.

VAN HOESEN, KARL. "Handbook of Conducting." Crofts. xix, 93 pp. $3.25. (Eastman School of Music Publications No. 8.)

A practical, technical manual, with illustrations, diagrams, and many musical examples from contemporary and classical music.

MOORE, GERALD. "The Unashamed Accompanist." Macmillan. x, 84 pp. $1.50.

Forceful arguments for the importance of the accompanist's role and valuable instruction and advice on study and performance.

HARMONY

LEWIS, LEO RICH. "Do and Don't in Harmony." Music House, Tufts College. xvi, 272 pp. $2.

A text book for the author's college classes. Introduces some new and personal designations for familiar material. "Not for the absolute beginner."

OTHER MATTERS

JOHNSON, HARRIETT. "Your Career in Music." Dutton. 319 pp. $3. Illustrated.

By the music critic of the *New York Post*, in collaboration with Vocational Guidance Research. Not all of the information and advice is reliable, but on the whole a good presentation of the kind of careers, educational requirements, conditions of work, and financial rewards in the music profession in the United States today.

BUCK, PERCY C. "Psychology for Musicians." Oxford. 128 pp. $2.50.

Based on the author's lectures at the Royal College of Music, this book contains practical advice, especially for performers and teachers, rather than a scientified exposition of the subject.

SCHOEN, MAX. "The Understanding of Music." Harper. 187 pp. $2.

This attempt "to construct an esthetics of music on the foundations of esthetic theory in general and of the psychology of music in particular" arrives, after some passages requiring slow reading, at sound basic principles of education for musical enjoyment.

WOOD, ALEXANDER. "The Physics of Music." Cleveland: Sherwood Press. xii, 255 pp. $8.

"Designed primarily for those whose main interest is on the musical side but the mathematical aspects of the subject are not neglected."

Richard S. Angell, Past Vice-President of the Music Library Association, is now acting head of the Music Division of the New York Public Library.

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THE GREGARIOUS ART

READERS of this issue may conclude that the editors are like the orchestra player whose mournful expression was disconcerting to the conductor because he just didn't like music. Mr. Lang finds support for the Goebbels claim that Wagner was a Nazi born before the age of enlightenment. Mr. Frankenstein is not happy about the estate of music in the provinces. There is little to praise in the year's output of books. Mr. Leinsdorf warns that too little attention is paid to contemporary music, and the lady on the bus falls short of convincing us that this is the best of all possible worlds for opera.

In other words this is a gloomy report at a time when music is more widely recognized than ever before. She has many new friends. In a world sick with apprehension and despair she is the bearer of hope and comfort. People are hungry for the blessings of the gentle goddess; the air is full of extravagant praise amounting to a form of national worship. Now, music is a long-suffering but kindly goddess. She knows true devotion when she sees it and never fails to reward it handsomely. But she is also a wise old girl who is quick to detect sour whiffs among the incense clouds. And there are several.

Take the radio for example, chief priest of the temple. A few years ago there were a number of sustaining hours devoted to music of a reasonably serious character. Now the boom in advertising, which seems somehow connected with the provisions of income tax collection, has driven all the unsponsored programs to a few unlikely hours. The assignment of symphony and opera broadcasts to commercial sponsors, however well intentioned, carries with it an artistic censorship resolutely opposed to the new and the unfamiliar, particularly if it is of American origin. Not that the advertisers don't appreciate good music. They love it. Chorales of Bach, fragments of Beethoven or Mozart are frequently honored by serving as theme songs for the introduction of commercial products, however lowly, for the alleviation of human distress.

The seal of approbation is also placed upon the works of the masters by Tin Pan Alley and the monarchs of swing who honor some of music's loveliest melodies by interpreting them in the language beloved of the bobby socks.

A little dizzy from all this recognition music turns to her friends the educators. They are full of worship, too. Appreciation they call it, and many of them are engaged in selling by books and lectures the identical product so much admired by the advertiser. "Now listen carefully, at the beginning of the record you will hear dot, dot, dot, dash. Get it? V for victory from the immortal Beethoven." It used to be "fate knocking at the door" but that idea is corny. And the phonograph companies, basking again in the sunshine of Petrillo's smile, are rushing to supply the cultural paraphernalia of the appreciators with even more glamorized recordings of the masterpieces. The educators, of course, know plenty of music off the beaten track but it is so much easier to string along with the standardized product of the music syndicate.

There is a new important recognition of music which is a promising racket for those smart enough to get in on the ground floor, musical therapy. Soon there will sprout forth a new class of experts scientifically trained in the use of music for the moral rehabilitation of our wounded soldiers. These savants will be able to tell when to play the Meditation from "Thais" and the exact relationship between the Paderewski Minuet and the fever chart. Here is a use for music both practical and patriotic.

It is a long way from high-pressure devotion of this sort to the other kind. You don't hear much about it because it avoids the arts of publicity and is both of a semi-private nature and unsponsored. It is safe to assume that many fine examples could be found but here is one of an appealing quality. There is a school of music for the wounded at Halloran Hospital where a number of distinguished musicians are giving their services as teachers. I doubt if any of the staff know much about musical therapy because the curriculum as organized is much too simple. Give the soldier what he wants and don't worry him about his taste, seems to be the idea. The other day one of the instructors, a well known conductor, was floored by a request for instruction on the sweet potato. With a modesty unusual in his specialty he replied; "I have never learned to play it but there are certain general principles governing tone production on wind instruments. We'll get two ocarinas and learn how to play together."

Mr. Leinsdorf has a helpful idea for the individual who tires of group worship and longs for a private relationship with music. He reminds us that music like books is printed and a lot of it is available for home consumption. Widespread enjoyment of this sort depends upon an assumption of musical literacy which is far from justified by current ideas of secondary education. It requires of course some initial effort in the development of reading technique, but not much more than one would need to learn a foreign language.

Debussy once said that the place to enjoy a piece of music that you loved was not in the concert hall but at your own piano where a bit of melody or an imaginative harmonic color could be savored again and again. Even the simple C major triad which can be found by the humblest amateur can cast a spell of enchantment if properly approached. Music as a gregarious art is, admittedly, a benefit to mankind, but it is so much exploited today that we are apt to forget that she speaks most eloquently when invoked by her initiates in solitary worship.

DOUGLAS MOORE.

Douglas Moore, guest co-editor of this issue, is the composer of "In Memoriam," recently performed by Artur Rodzinski and the New York Philharmonic Society.

Poignant Transformation

By Ethel Romig Fuller

As mountains rise, this winter night,
Wooded base to barren height,
Mailed in icy armor, so
Hearts must gird to meet a foe,
Felicities all tossed aside;
Holding only fast to pride.

So sensitive young hearts must learn
The iron resistance of the stern
Who, blizzard-lashed, still do not flinch
Nor yield a single bitter inch;
Who, moon-revealed, stand heaven-tall,
Unconquered and unconquerable.

Grim precepts; grimmer discipline
For lads whose harshest task has been
A mastery of gentle arts;
Whose roles were active, merry parts—
Yet suddenly youth looms against
The sky, immobile and immense.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Louis Aragon

SIR: Exactly nine months after the appearance of my review of Louis Aragon's new volumes of poetry, Mr. Cowley in your issue of the 6th publishes his rebuttal under the modest title "The Truth About Louis Aragon." His nine-months off-spring [*] makes a sentimental appeal but is not evidence of what did or did not take place in France immediately after the military debacle.

He charges me with having charged Aragon with "various political crimes" and having asked your readers to believe his poems "those of a collaborator." It is Mr. Cowley who introduces the idea of "political crimes" and "collaboration." What I wrote was that *after the collapse* "Aragon's voice could be heard broadcasting over the Vichy radio to the strains of the Marseillaise." My information came from a person who enjoys the confidence of the U. S. Government. France at the moment of writing was totally under German occupation.

For the rest: one third of my review was devoted to relating Aragon's various aesthetics to his various political loyalties; two thirds to a discussion of the brittle artistic quality of the poems —which, by the way, carried words of glowing praise from Mr. Cowley on their jackets. When Aragon was editing the so-called leading Communist Parisian evening-paper, he championed what he called Realism in literature and I call Journalism. His poems to my surprise I found to be cast in the most intricate, precious, recherché rhyme-schemes, nor was there any expression of communist internationalism in them. On the contrary, their sentiments were patriotic in a way which could not but have caused them to please Poincaré and Clemenceau, had they lived to read them.

Incidentally I observe that Mr. Cowley concedes that one of the volumes was published under the Vichy regime. As for his concluding sling, about "armchair philosophers—attacking somebody in the front lines," that also isn't evidence.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

New York 14, N. Y.

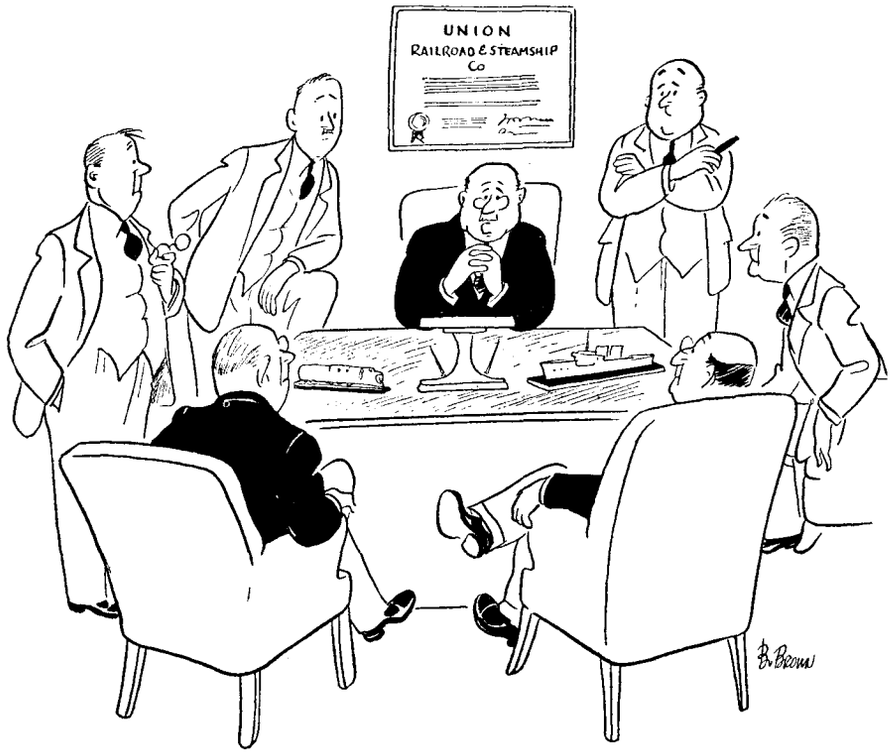
14 Berlins in U.S.A.

SIR: Your guest editor, Walter Havighurst, exhibits sinful pride and a grasping disposition in listing the Ohio towns named for old world capitals. There are in these United States 10 Lisbons, 11 Moscows, 10 Dublins, 14 Parises, 8 Londons, 10 Viennas, 14 Berlins, and 10 Romes, and for that matter Illinois, just as good a state as Ohio, has the entire list. It also has a good piece of the Ohio River. If Mr. Havighurst wants something to brag about he could mention that only one other state (New York) has a Sodom, and that appropriately only a few miles distant is a Zoar, the place where Lot took refuge. Sodom is far older—though no worse—than Berlin.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York, N. Y.

[*] The editors take full responsibility for a considerable portion of the delay—for reasons of insufficient space on this page.



"Gentlemen, I have an uneasy feeling that millions of young men and women may never want to see a boat or train again!"

Minimum? Minimis? Minima?

SIR: Mrs. Eva Matthews Sanford is perfectly right—almost perfectly. There is, of course, no such thing as *De minimum*—or rather there ought not to be such a thing. But *De minimis non curat* is no correct quotation either. The sentence runs: *Minima non curat praetor*—which at the same time is considerably better Latin. This, I feel, is no minimum at all.

Might I mention at the same time the Octopi doubly formidable monsters, thrown in the same issue of the *SRL* in John Steinbeck's face by Nathan Rothman? There is no such pie as Octopi. Octopodes, or, since nobody is compelled to write Greek when wanting to write English, Octopuses.

DR. ERNEST FULD.

Sherrill, New York.

Information, Please

SIR: I have been working on a biography of William Allen White for some four years. Mr. White gave me unrestricted access to his letters. Unfortunately he kept no copies of his letters before 1899. Will anyone who has copies of William Allen White's letters written before 1899 get in touch with me?

WALTER JOHNSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Mysteries and Martinis

SIR: I wish that critics who express themselves on the state of the detective story (Judge Lynch and Jacques Barzun in *The Saturday Review*, Edmund Wilson in *The New Yorker*, André Gide in *The New Republic*, etc.), would sample the collected and neglected works of Raymond Chandler ("The Big Sleep," "The High Window," "Farewell, My Lovely," and "The Lady In the Lake"). Some amateurs think of Chandler not only as the olive in the martini but the martini itself.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

An Aroused Thoreauvian

SIR: On revisiting Concord, Mass., last week, I was surprised to find at Walden Pond a plaque erected by the Walden Pond State Reservation, reading:

> "To preserve the Walden of *Emerson* and Thoreau. . . ."

What claim has Emerson to Concord, except that he allowed Thoreau to "squat" on the land on which Thoreau built his house. This plaque is a deliberate distortion of fact, because, as everybody should know, Walden is exclusively Thoreau's.

NORMAN STUCKEY.

Washington, D. C.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In a Bronx express, one Frank Vordack got an eyeful of a comely hat model named Conchita Olmo, and exited on her heels at Simpson Street. The knowing Miss Olmo marched to the nearest police station, with Mr. Vordack still hot on the trail. When two burly detectives pounced on him, Vordack blinked, and murmured, "Oh, isn't this the public library?" Magistrate Murphy got into the spirit of the occasion and threw the book at him: "Twenty dollars or ten days." His ardor for Conchita and literature cooled, Vordack paid the twenty.

◆◆ In Boston, a judge finally popped up with sufficient gumption and common sense to tweak the blue noses of imbecilic vice snoopers. The hero's name is Judge Elijah Adlow, and in throwing out a case against Erskine Caldwell's "Tragic Ground," he declared angrily, "This isn't indecent literature. I'm getting tired of books being banned. It has reached the point where the court's business is divided between booksellers and bookmakers. It's not for me or you or the police department to establish the literary taste of the community." Hear, hear! Three hours later, Mrs. Caldwell presented the author with a baby son in Tucson, Arizona.

◆◆ In New York, Armed Services Editions, Inc., issued a list of the first 534 books published for free distribution to men in service abroad. A casual perusal of the titles is all that is necessary to highlight the superb job performed by everybody connected with the project. The recipients love the books and are hollering for more.

◆◆ In Washington, Arthur Wagstaff visited the book buyer in a mammoth wartime organization. She turned out to be a handsome, if confused, young lady. "The lists I buy from are all out of date," she complained. "More than half the suggestions seem to be out of print. And that's not the worst of it. Dozens of the authors have been dead for years!"

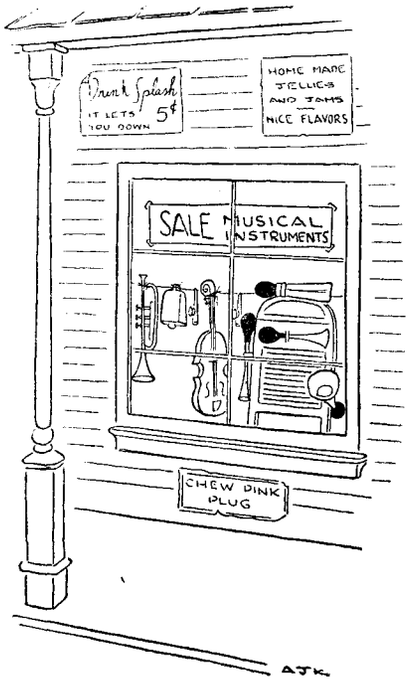
◆◆ In Hollywood, they have gotten around to Sir Richard Burton, and Hedda Hopper fell for this whopper from a wild-eyed press agent: "Cornel Wilde got tired of the ladies of the harem of 'A Thousand and One Nights' bumming cigarettes from him, so suggested that they try smoking the Turkish water pipes. They did, and now they're sold on the idea."

◆◆ In the *New York Post,* Earl Wilson, whose book will soon be published, cracked, "My editor threw me a big dinner—but he missed."

◆◆ In Burbank, California, where picture companies vie for the distinction of preparing the most elaborate promotion books, Warner Brothers blanketed the field with its "Joe, the Exhibitor from Mo." It's so good that MGM is rumored to have put in a bid for the screen rights. Big book properties on the Warner advance list include "The Fountainhead," "God Is My Co-Pilot," "Night Shift," "Hotel Berlin," "Land I Have Chosen," and "Saratoga Trunk." They are also planning a remake of Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," but they'll have to go some to top the Leslie Howard-Bette Davis original!

◆◆ In the Viking office, Marshall Best looked out at a near-hurricane and remarked, "It's raining cats and dogs today." "Don't I know it," agreed the unquenchable Mr. Huebsch. "I just stepped into a poodle."

◆◆ In Pittsburgh, David Schwartz, the literary critic, told the story of a publisher who got a staggering bill for a consultation with the late legal light, Max Steuer. The next day the publisher bumped into Steuer in an elevator. "Mr. Steuer," he said, "it's nice to see you again. Remember, Mr. Steuer, I'm not asking your opinion about this. I'm telling you."



◆◆ In London, Charley Evans, chairman of Heinemann's, good friend of a score of American publishers, died at the age of sixty-five. Authors sponsored by Evans in England included George Moore, Max Beerbohm, John Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, and Graham Greene.

◆◆ On the Bowery, Joe Gould, bewhiskered eccentric, put the final flourish on his newest book, "Why Princeton Should Be Abolished." "I may have trouble placing it," he admitted. "Most publishers today are not only illiterate but they graduated from Princeton." Lippincott of Penn, Greenslet of Wesleyan, Canfield of Harvard, and Haas of Yale smiled tolerantly. The Scribner family reserved comment.

◆◆ In Philadelphia, Graeme Lorimer, late of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* wrote a play called "Feature for June" with Eileen Tighe, sold it to Paramount. It tells the story of a hoity-toity fashion magazine editor who descends with her staff on a nice small-town family and engineers a "typical country wedding" for her lead-story for June.

◆◆ In Duluth, citizens hailed the announcement that Sinclair Lewis was giving up his Manhattan penthouse and coming to live for good in the city which serves as the locale for his 1945 novel. . . .

A FINE BOOK ABOUT the fight against slavery in the South before the Civil War is Henrietta Buckmaster's "Deep River." Harcourt announces a third printing, which should please Spencer Scott, who spoke about the novel in glowing terms before it was published. Many critics rate "Deep River" above "Strange Fruit" in literary quality. . . . Houghton Mifflin have changed the name of Olga Briceno's forthcoming book from "How We Live in Venezuela" to "Cocks and Bulls in Caracas." Why not just plain "Animal Caracas"? . . . A merciful reporter failed to give the name of the prominent author who followed Lord Halifax on a Midwest lecture platform and remarked, "Before this evening I was afraid Uncle Sam was going to be outsmarted again by British diplomacy, but now that we have heard the Ambassador's address, I think we may all feel happy and relieved." . . .

JUST IN TIME FOR the annual music number of the *SRL,* the Philharmonic, under Rodzinski, last Thursday honored Douglas Moore, *SRL's* music issue co-editor, by playing his "In Memoriam" before an appreciative audience. . . . Just in time, too, the Theatre Guild has opened its "Sing Out, Sweet Land," programmed as a "salute to

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"We did it through Lend-Lease."

American folk and popular music." It's a wonderful idea that doesn't quite come off, due to a lamentably amateurish book. The "Frankie and Johnny," "Casey Jones," and speakeasy numbers, however, plus Burl Ives's renditions of "Blue Tail Fly" and "Rock Candy Mountain" are highspots of the current bonanza days on Broadway. . . . The most charming musical production number in town is "Sunday in Cicero Falls" from "Bloomer Girl," now obtainable on a Decca recording. . . . Musical films hit a new top with "Meet Me in Saint Louis," with its "Trolley Song" a national favorite, and its Hallowe'en sequence one of the great bits of Americana recreated to date on celluloid. "Music for the Millions" is another film I believe readers of Trade Winds will enjoy thoroughly. "Can't Help Singing" has a superlative Jerome Kern score, sung enchantingly by Deanna Durbin, but the dialogue is even worse than the lines in "Sing Out, Sweet Land." . . . On the subject of films, I cried like a baby at "The Keys of the Kingdom," and was deeply impressed with the performances of Gregory Peck and Rosa Stradner. This picture, plus "Going My Way," seems to me about enough of a good thing. May I say in all humility that the only way I will see the half dozen further two-and-a-half hour sagas of simple men of the cloth now in preparation will be at the point of a gun? . . . "The Fighting Lady," an official Navy picture of a new U. S. carrier in action in the Pacific, provides forty minutes of almost unbearable excitement. . . .

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT at nine, you can hear the ten tunes currently most popular all over the country by tuning into the Hit Parade. Sinatra no longer heads this program; he has been replaced by Lawrence Tibbett. Radio insiders explain that Sinatra objected to the swift pace demanded by Mr. Hill, who heads the American Tobacco Company, and rules the Hit Parade hour with an iron hand. . . . Number One song on January 6 was Cole Porter's "Don't Fence Me In." The funny thing about this number is that it was written years ago, dropped from a film, and forgotten completely by the composer. Warner Brothers dug it from the proverbial old trunk for "Hollywood Canteen." . . . Other numbers on the current top ten bear such sappy and time-honored titles as "I'm Making Believe That You're in My Arms," "I Dream of You," "We Strolled the Lane Together," "I Don't Want to Love You," and "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart." . . . Prevailing favorites are usually so saccharine and lugubrious that the Hit Parade sponsors have to interpolate snappy "all time favorites" to keep listeners awake. These "extras" are orchestrated by Lynn Murray, one of radio's musical greats, and are almost invariably the best things on the program. . . .

A MUSICIAN MARRIED a painfully ugly woman for her money, and dragged her with him to one soirée after another. A friend said, "I can understand your marrying her to get your hands on all that dough, but why do you have to bring her with you every time you go out?" The musician explained, "It's easier than kissing her good-bye."

BENNETT CERF.

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Seeing Things

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

THESE are the days of the salad bowl, of the stripped diet and the shrunken stomach, of the one-course lunch and the three-course dinner (if that). Yes, and of the casserole, even though there are those who include the abolition of the casserole among their peace aims. These are the days domestically of the selective self-service, when every member of the family is drafted, and life is keyed less to satin than to the sink. These are the days of points and rationing, of reducing and gastronomic editing, when the stylish stout is no longer stylish and it is fashionable to be lean.

These are the days when millions elsewhere are going hungry, and those here, if only their hearts and minds are informed, feel grateful to be eating at all and guilty when they eat too well. Even before the war the human appetite was no longer what it once was. Gastric juices had lost their former powers of attack. Tables had ceased to groan. The groaning was being done for them by men and women who surveyed, with disgusted wonder, the menus recording the full, drowsy, greedy details of what had overstuffed their forebears.

If I invade the alimentary canal, it is because Billy Rose has produced "Seven Lively Arts"* as if, in his busy life, he had not heard of "Diamond Jim" Brady's death. "Diamond Jim" Brady? No, he won't quite do. Titan though he was among human vacuum cleaners, he was not a buffet boy. He had his special dishes upon which he over-concentrated.

To suggest the diversity, weight, and quality of the fare Mr. Rose heaps up for his patrons on gold platters, it is necessary to go further back in time. All I could think of, as act followed act, and one big name another, was one of those massive meals which Mrs. Trollope considered typical of the American consumer in the frontier Cincinnati of 1827.

The guests, she reported in the unamiable pages of her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," would "all console themselves together for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe cake, johnny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world."

Although most of us would reach for a doorknob and our bicarbonate of soda at the mere threat of such a repast, Mr. Rose is not a man to be terrified by bounty. He believes in double portions. He may not have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he approaches the theatre with a gold ladle in each hand.

A soup tureen is his idea of a cup of soup, and the Aquacade his notion of a soup tureen. A kind-hearted man, his fear apparently is that some Oliver Twist may slip into his audience.

"The bigger the show the harder the spectator will fall." This seems to be his motto. Size, scale, opulence, and names—these are what he labors to supply. He takes over the largest theatre, disappointed because it is smaller than the Fair Grounds.

There is an apocryphal story which says that, when a waiter once handed Heywood Broun a lengthy menu asking him what he would order, Mr. Broun replied, "I see nothing to object to." Mr. Rose appears to have ordered "Seven Lively Arts" in much the same fashion. That his taste has led him to some excellent dishes, no one can deny. It is not his fault if his eyes are larger than our stomachs.

When, all in one theatre, you have served to you Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr as comedians; Benny Goodman cajoling a clarinet; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin as dancers; music by Cole Porter, not to forget Stravinsky; scenery by Norman Bel Geddes; sketches by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman; Doc Rockwell speaking before-the-curtain comments by Ben Hecht; costumes by Valentina; and, just for bad measure, a downstairs lobby draped in Dalis especially painted to mystify you, you can scarcely be said to be eating powdered eggs and porridge.

If "the more, the merrier" held a thimbleful of truth so far as talent is concerned, Mr. Rose's production would be one of the merriest ever assembled. Heaven knows, Beatrice Lillie is as funny a woman as this planet houses. Neat, trim, delectably witty, and yet capable of the rowdiest burlesque, she is a whole show in herself. The mere fact that we know hers is the next number is enough to start most of us smiling before she has even appeared. To have her back after five long years is in itself a cause for Woollcottian hat-tossings. Her return is enough to convince everyone of the merits of Lend-Lease.

Beatrice Lillie

Among comics, too, Mr. Lahr is no slouch. Those croaks of his are among the drollest sounds not to have left a bullfrog's throat. When it comes to energy he is a boiler factory working overtime. His small eyes can creep towards one another like featherweights leaving their corners. If there is anything funny in a script, Mr. Lahr is ready to pounce upon it.

Although both Miss Lillie and Mr. Lahr are amusing in "Seven Lively Arts" and when given a chance as amusing as only they can be, it must be sadly confessed that they have their seconds rather than their moments. What is true of them is true of almost everyone else. All the headliners who theatrically could and should be *entrees* in their own rights, end up either by being so many items in the *smorgasbord* as so many slices of partridge served in side dishes on a table where there is room for nothing else. The trouble is the old one that the Grand Inquisitor noted in "The Gondoliers"—

> When every one is somebodee,
> Then no one's anybody!

One hates to write this kind of bread-and-butter note to Mr. Rose when, as a host, he has spent so lavishly and for his feast assembled so good a company. Obviously his intentions were Lucullan. But bread and butter were not, alas, the strong points of Lucullus's hospitality. Had Mr. Rose succeeded in making those seven arts lively, one might have forgiven him his gold plate, even in wartime. What we resented, so far as entertainment was concerned, was being overfed and underprivileged.—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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What's on the Record

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THE war put publishing and recording in very different situations. Publishers, by dint of paper and space economies and "pocket" editions, have managed to keep their still-diffuse catalogues reasonably complete. But there are few economies that can be made in records, where many of the necessary materials are unavailable. The typically American emphasis on "new models" had to be hastily dropped; there weren't any. But there was, at least, a huge and more than adequate library of up-to-date recordings. The record companies, rather reluctantly it seemed, began to re-issue outstanding recordings from that library as monthly features. This was a natural and a good step, for it ended the artificially inspired pushing of new releases which were often no better than the old.

But this was far from enough. Merely to keep the huge existing library in stock would have taken more material than was available for new records. Existing catalogues were drastically pruned. Thousands of needless duplications and inferior recordings were withdrawn. And inevitably, under this terrible pressure, many of the best type of recordings were banished, in favor of the long-time best sellers, the sure-fire numbers. As things stand today a comprehensive catalogue such as the "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia,* issued in 1942, is virtually useless; only a small fraction of the records in that fabulous volume is available at this time. The record industry has gone over, at least for the present, to the best-seller policy, the traditonal American business practice of concentration on a few mass-produced lines.

That 1942 "Encyclopedia," considering these same American business methods (and recording is after all a business), is one of the most remarkable cultural libraries of all time. The tens of thousands of records listed in it could be compared to nothing less than a great university library, yet in 1942 its contents were available, on short order, at any small town music store throughout the country. In great contrast to the "live" concert music business, recorded music did not hesitate to branch out into the most remote corners and by-ways of the art of music, and in spite of its diffuseness this huge available library was surely the proudest boast of the much maligned canned-music industry.

Today that library is largely retired though the masters are of course still on hand and could at any time be restored to use. On the whole, it is remarkable that we have not lost more, that the musicians in the record companies have been able to withstand as well as they have the enormous eco-

(*Continued on page* 39)

*THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 558 pp. $3.95.

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Definitions and Impressions

WHAT IS MUSIC? By John Erskine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 203 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by CECIL SMITH

IN the entire history of musical criticism, nobody has ever written a completely satisfactory extended definition of music. With many a modest disclaimer of any professional authority, John Erskine has elected himself to turn the trick, and "What Is Music?"—his first solo flight in the musical stratosphere—is the result. "This book," he writes, "will try to define music, to describe its office in human society, and to indicate its importance in the future history of mankind."

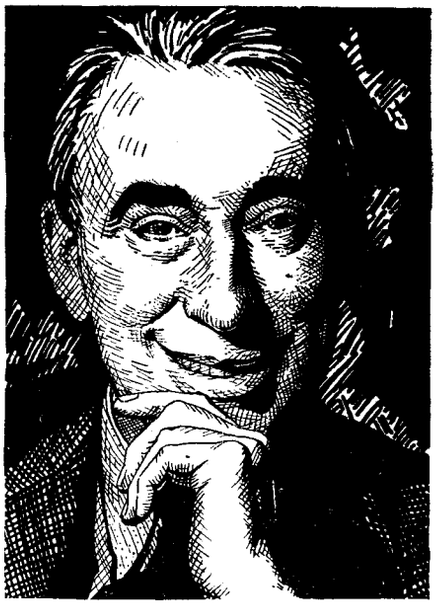
Anyone who finds it difficult to talk sensibly about music—and this means all of us who try to talk about it at all—could scarcely fail to be hypnotized by the promise of a book which would seek to resolve problems left hanging by Plato, Aristotle, Boethius, and Rameau, throwing in some crystal-gazing into the future for good measure. But as page follows page and chapter follows chapter without much to warrant these initial promises, the mesmeric spell quickly begins to wear off. Most of the time Mr. Erskine seems to have forgotten what he said he was going to try to accomplish, and that is too bad, because the larger part of what he does accomplish is inaccurate, or trivial, or at best brightly topical.

Since he names Aristotle's "Poetics" as a precedent for his "rashness," Mr. Erskine might have been expected to consider somewhat carefully the kinds of considerations a definition of an art necessarily involves. The "Poetics," to be quite specific, does not merely single out and describe informally some of the grammatical materials of tragedy, and then leap to a practical investigation of the state of the Greek theatre and the life problems of workers in the theatrical field. Yet what Mr. Erskine does is analogous to this. Employing his own unique and rather weird simplifications of their structure and behavior, he talks about harmony, melody, rhythm, overtones, the AABA pattern of organization, musical notation, and the characteristics of musical instruments; when this is done, Part One (*i.e.*, the definition of music) is finished, and he is free to devote Part Two to contemporary issues confronting the student, the performer, the composer, the teacher, the publisher, and the critic. In what way these predominantly journalistic issues rise out of the grammatical details presented in the first half of the book, or in what way the grammatical information is a necessary preparation for attacking them, I cannot discern at all.

Of course I do not mean to suggest that a good analysis of the art of music could be constructed simply by borrowing the topics Aristotle treats in his analysis of tragedy, and attempting to find musical parallels for them. But if he had made a definitive study of music, Aristotle would presumably have endeavored to identify music fully by seeking to determine what its special relation is to nature and to human experience, how its history had made it what it has come to be, how the various material elements in a musical work may be so related as to make that work a continuous and musical whole, what a composer ought to put into a musical work and how he can best put it there, and what different kinds of music there are, viewed in terms of the various effects music may properly be expected to have upon an audience. Whether one states them in Aristotelian terms or not, these remain the basic questions about the art of music, and a book which makes hardly an initial move toward answering them does not provide a definition of music.

It would be unjust to imply that Mr. Erskine gives no hint of recognizing the scope of such a task. Occasionally a sentence or a paragraph gives a flash of critical brilliance. Of particular value is his passing insistence that superficial structural patterns like the so-called "sonata form" do not constitute real musical form, and that the form of a piece of music is found in its growth from a beginning through a middle to an end. This discovery, which might have served as a clue leading to whole system of formal analysis, is, however, summarily left behind, and soon afterward the shell of sonata form is displayed pretty much in old-fashioned textbook terms. Then finally, at the end of this same chapter all literal descriptions vanish entirely; musical form is telescoped with musical subject matter; and, through a feat of philosophic legerdemain in which the myth in the "Phaedrus" is turned upside down, music becomes the expression of "that longing, that aspiration, which Plato called the growing pains of the wings of the soul."

These crumbs of classical allusion do not provide a hearty banquet for lusty intellectual appetites. Perhaps if Mr. Erskine had not brought the matter up himself nobody would have minded if he had passed Aristotle and Plato by altogether, in order to deal with musical theory in wholly modern terms. But, unfortunately, the author-



John Erskine

ity of his streamlined version of the grammar of musical theory is more open to objection than anything else in the whole book. Without becoming technical about the idiosyncracies of his statements about harmony and acoustics, one can reasonably question the insight of a theorist whose favorite harmony book seems to be the old Foote and Spalding, and who evidently has not given even a once-over glance at the extensive research of Hindemith into the actual relation between music and physics.

In the second half of the book Mr. John Erskine embarks upon a fluent and winning *causerie* upon the present state of musical endeavor in the United States, and the improvements needed in the future. His observations rest chiefly upon the thesis that most Americans are still too much infatuated with the flamboyant achievements of the virtuoso, a state of mind which keeps us from developing an admiration for the more modest, but fundamentally more satisfying, merits of competent craftsmanship. This worship of virtuosity leads music students to dream of careers cut after the pattern of Liszt rather than Bach, and it deflects them from careers in which they might help to raise the level of musical taste in such simple but focally important places as homes, churches, and clubs; it causes composers to write "unperformed operas" and ambitious works designed for performance by prominent symphony orchestras, instead of "writing for those occasions in our modern life for which music is demanded"; it infects the most gifted musicians with a distaste for teaching, leaving musical education too largely in the hands of the untalented.

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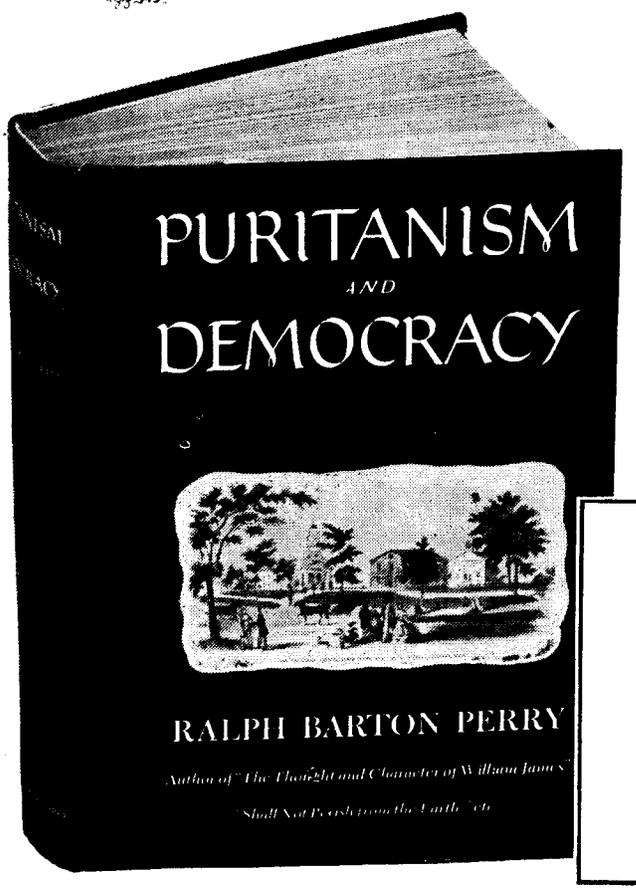

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ship to a dominant position in our musical life, Mr. Erskine foresees an agreeable, not to say inspiring, future in which the art of music will blossom naturally—unblighted by the uglier inroads of commercialism, untrampled by ignorant, hasty, and malicious critics, and uncongealed by the glacial breath of theorists and musicologists. Displaying the fruits of good teaching, and rendered economically secure by a certain amount of government subsidy, music will be composed and performed by those with an "intelligent love" for the art.

This is an attractive picture, and it is impossible not to applaud Mr. Erskine's adroit manner of uncovering a great deal of the sham and nonsense in present-day American musical activity. Throughout the discussion, to be sure, there runs a pervasive undercurrent of nihilistic irritation toward "theorists"—those whose interest happens to be in trying to understand music rather than in trying to make it. But, making due allowance for this particular intellectual bias, and also for a considerable tendency to push generalization toward the border of untruth, these latter chapters are none the less likely to provide many helpful pointers for those who want to know why our music is not better than it is.

Cecil Smith is chairman of the Department of Music at the University of Chicago.

The Art of the Accompanist

THE UNASHAMED ACCOMPANIST. By Gerald Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. *ix,* 84 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD RHODES

WRITING from a rich professional experience as accompanist to many of the great singers, violinists, and cellists of this generation, Mr. Moore presents the art of the accompanist in a new and interesting light. In this delightful and readable discussion of the role of the accompanist the author elevates him from his position of a "slightly inferior caste" to the dignity of a partnership between singer and pianist which "is a fifty-fifty affair as surely as it is between violinist and pianist in the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven." In a perfect partnership there is a psychological exchange, a telepathic *rapport* between artists "which is sharpened by their mutual admiration and artistic agreement." It is in such moments of inspiration that the audience is permitted to soar into the stratosphere of the imagination in the recreation of great music. Mr. Moore writes so soundly and convincingly of the artistic rewards of ensemble music-making that many amateur and professional pianists will want to turn their attention to this field.

The book contains a wealth of expert advice equally valuable to the professional and the embryo accompanist.

> The first thing an accompanist should study when he has to play a new song is the words. . . . The accompaniment to every good song paints a picture or evokes a mood which is inspired by the words. The composer did not write the vocal line first and then fill in the piano part afterwards; they were both born in his brain at the same time.

Though such counsel seems elementary and obvious it is a truth which many accompanists, musically limited by a pianistic and instrumental approach to song literature, only discover after years of experience. This naturally implies a working knowledge of French and German as part of the accompanist's minimal equipment.

The musical horizons of accompanists and music lovers will be widened by the author's broad conception of the accompanist's role. The large repertoire of music of various epochs and national schools which he is called upon to play demands a penetrating knowledge and refined sense of musical styles. There are provocative suggestions regarding tone quality and the blending of piano tone to match the tone of the violinist or singer. In the sequential chapters entitled Preparation, Practising, Rehearsing, The Artists' Room, and Performance, the reader is given many insights into the inner workings of the art of accompaniment.

The author's style of writing is almost conversational in its directness and simplicity. Piano students and amateur pianists will learn much from this little book which is unique in its field, and music lovers will profit by a new appraisal of the accompanist and his contribution in music-making.

Willard Rhodes is assistant director of the Columbia University Opera Workshop.

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Musicianship

THE CONDUCTOR RAISES HIS BATON. By William J. Finn. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 302 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HARWOOD SIMMONS

WHETHER or not the musician-reader intends to raise a baton over any kind of ensemble he will do well to read Father Finn's excellent analysis of the subject. There are few singers and instrumentalists who would not gain from a careful study of what he has to say for he has not written a book dealing with the relatively superficial problems of baton waving; rather, he deals with the crux of any performer's problems—musicianship. The approach is via the choral conductor's rather specialized field but throughout the book emphasis is placed upon artistic understanding of the kinds of music to be conducted rather than upon organizational and physical aspects of the conductor's duties. The mere prima donna of the baton will find little of interest.

The author states at the outset that he proposes to deal primarily with choral conducting but he is correct too in saying that much of his material is of equal value to the instrumental conductor. However, it is unfortunate that at least the special problems of combined instrumental and choral conducting such as those of opera and oratorio are not gone into more thoroughly. The fact that most instrumental performers complain of being at sea when playing under a choral conductor (and all too often there is a rather sneering inflection here) is evidence that separate techniques exist. A study of the means by which this could be overcome would have been worthwhile. Use of the full original orchestral score might have been emphasized in this connection.

While the book obviously is not intended to include the study of score reading it should have devoted some attention to it if the reader is to get a balanced idea of what is important. A conductor who does not employ a score in as near its original notation as possible is taking a grave chance. The use of piano reductions and transposed notations is like reading a Latin pony instead of the original and much, obviously, is lost as a result. All musical examples in the book are in easy-to-read modern scores and for the purposes under discussion this is generally desirable but it is regrettable that all orchestral scoring is omitted (piano reductions being the rule). Is

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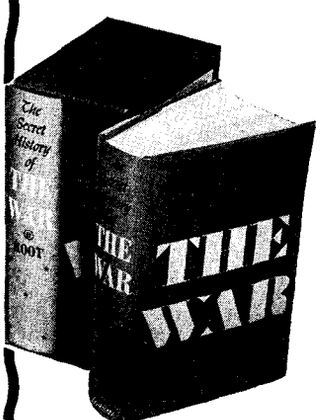

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this to imply that the conductor may raise his baton over such reductions rather than the exact full score?

Under the general heading of Dynamics there is an invaluable analysis of the problems underlying proper interpretation of Renaissance and Baroque polyphony. The main subject is surrounded with many important correlations all of which the author integrates thoroughly and lucidly. Preceding these chapters relating more specifically to pre-Classic choral music are very exhaustive chapters on rhythm and tempo which, taken together, constitute a splendid analysis of that perplexing bifurcation. If heeded by all young students of whatever aspect of music much stumbling through trial and error would be avoided. Meter is exceptionally well defined and related to rhythm in general. Conductors who have presided at the organ too long should ponder this chapter well. (Why do so many organists develop such a lackadaisical attitude toward rhythm?) The chapter on tempo opens up quite an astonishing variety of ramifications which prove to be extremely vital once the author ties them together.

Perhaps the most important contribution "The Conductor *Raises* His Baton" makes is the introduction of the reader to the immense vitality and beauty of pre-classic music. A disgraceful number of church musicians ignore these periods entirely. It is therefore gratifying to see their importance set forth so favorably. No choral student should fail to study every page of the book. Not only will he gain in his understanding of techniques but he will be introduced to a wealth of great music and great names in music which if pursued will serve to stimulate an interest in the entire field of early church music.

Harwood Simmons is an authority on band music. He has been guest conductor for many nationally famous bands.

WHAT'S NEW IN MUSIC

(*Continued from page* 14)

tasy" for two pianos (Associated Music Press) uses thematic material that might have resulted in a neo-classic piece, this work, full of interesting contrasts and elegant writing for the medium, uses a development and a sonority that is reminiscent of romantic music. The harmonies are pungent and novel.

Of short piano pieces, the two arrangements of Copland's music, one of some pieces from his film-music for "Our Town" and the other from his ballet "Billy the Kid" (Boosey and Hawkes) are easily the most outstanding. Camargo Guarnieri's "The Little Horse with the Broken Leg" (Associated Music) is one of the better Latin American genre pieces. The unique and fresh treatment of the piano makes the little album of "Eight Scenes of Russian Childhood," by Arthur Lourié (G. Schirmer) pleasant material for piano students.

This year also saw the publication of many American songs. Douglas Moore's dramatic settings of three religious sonnets of John Donne (G. Schirmer) of which "Thou Hast Made Me" is the most moving, Samuel Barber's ironic "Monks and Raisins" (G. Schirmer), David Diamond's sensitive "Music When Soft Voices Die" (Associated Music), Otto Luening's strangely beautiful settings of William Blake in his "Three Songs" (G. Schirmer), the tenderly romantic settings of Emily Dickinson by Ernest Bacon in his "Five Poems" (G. Schirmer) and the neo-romantic "How Can I Sing Light-souled and Fancy Free" in the collection of David Van Vactor's vocal works (*New Music Quarterly*) are among the most attractive.

One of the activities of music editing which has not been very well developed here is the publication of piano arrangements of orchestra scores, arrangements mainly intended for those who enjoy reading through four-handed and two piano music. Certainly this is one of the best ways of getting to know new music. The arrangement for two pianos of Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes" (Associated Music) is fun to play because it is not too difficult, even though, because of its restricted sonority, it is not very satisfactory for concert purposes. Being an arrangement of one of the significant works of the composer, it ought to prove helpful to those who want to become familiar with his recent works. More of this kind of thing should be done for new scores. Also useful are reprints of separate pieces that have appeared only in expensive albums. The "Diary of a Fly" of Bela Bartok (Boosey and Hawkes) from his monumental six volumes of graded piano pieces "Mikrokosmos" is fascinating with its buzzing minor seconds and should be just as useful for concerts as it is as a teaching piece.

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Down the Scale

MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS. By David Ewen, New York: Arco Publishing Co. 1944. 673 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

LIKE many of his colleagues this reviewer is an author in civilian life, and like them, when on the literary firing line, is not above spying into the secrets of the consistently successful producer. I have long suspected that David Ewen was a sort of Ponce de Leon; seventeen books in thirteen years is a remarkable achievement; no wonder that his publishers call him with arresting candor "music's interpreter to the American people." There are a number of recipes that seem to be unfailing when it comes to books on music. Anthologies are always popular; then there is the seemingly obvious borrowing of best-seller titles ("Mathematics for the Million"); it works well, also one can always get a good head start on the critics by asking for advance endorsement from John Erskine and Deems Taylor; they are kind-hearted and lavish with their praise for they love everything.

All these time-honored tricks Mr. Ewen has tried, but now he presents a system which for its devastating effectiveness has no equal, moreover it is so American! It has changed our industrial-social structure and it might well change our whole literary conception: the assembly line. The procedure is very simple. You write to 300 authors (I counted 257 in "Music for the Millions," including Mr. Ewen, who is also quoted); then you cull some nuggets from the writings of all these authorities, put these in a hopper, stake out the alphabet, and then watch the sonatas, symphonies, and operas go by. As they pass your observation post, pick the nearest quotation that can be applied to the case and the result is a nice big fat "classic in musical literature."

But let us add in haste that Mr. Ewen has his own pungent comments which can always be detected by such scholarly prefixes as "It is believed by many authorities—It is said to have been—Is frequently accepted as one of the best," etc. It is as simple as that.

Nevertheless, I must confess that there are a few flaws—bugs they are called in industry—in the assembled piece. Still, there is no reason why they could not be eliminated once the pilot model is put through its paces. In the interest of this future perfection I should like to point out a few possible improvements. I believe it is better to quote an accepted authority

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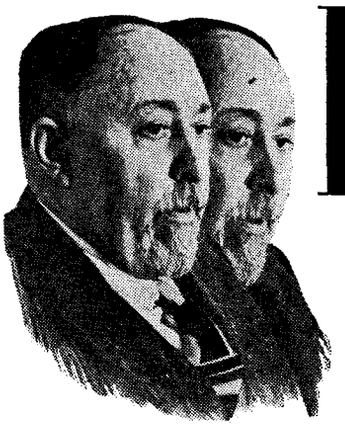

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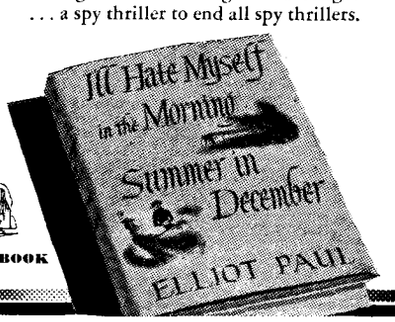

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in a given field instead of any old scribe that happens along; after all, we have micrometers to gauge the exact fittings. I should also watch out for the proper alloys, *i.e.*, the bedfellows. In the article on Schubert the venerable Guido Adler, late Professor of Musicology in Vienna, is coupled with my pet *bête noir*, Albert E. Wier. Then it is customary on the assembly line to watch nuts and bolts so that they won't get mixed up as in "Lully's well-loved Italian operas." Among some of the delicate operations is the adjustment of gaskets so that hot air will not blow from one compartment to the other. Thus when writing about Handel's instrumental music the author says that "he usually composed routine music . . . rarely striking at emotional depths." On the next page Handel's *concerti grossi* are "master pieces, gems among the *concerti grossi* of all time. For breadth in form, variety of material, nobility of thought, and richness of melodic ideas, there is nothing in the concerto literature to compare with Handel's works."

There are many of these little contretemps. Streamlining is, of course, an essential feature in modern industrial design. Mr. Ewen has succeeded admirably in endowing literature with this important device of contemporary life. Thus the reader seeking information on, let us say, the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, will find the last two movements streamlined to the bone, nothing superfluous, no waste motion. "The third movement is an infectious Minuet, the fourth an ebullient Allegro." Opera plots are similarly abbreviated yet we find the description of Pelléas et Mélisande a bit on the verbose side. "Golaud, son of King Arkel, discovers Mélisande sitting at a fountain. He falls in love with her and takes her to his castle as wife. His brother, Pelléas, succumbs to Mélisande's beauty, and they become lovers. When Golaud discovers their guilt he slays them both." It is not important, we think, that Mélisande was *sitting* at the fountain. On the whole, however, the modern Western Union style is applied with great felicity. Here are a few examples. "In his best symphonies Haydn adopted a line of his own." Or! "Cherubini, as Combarieu pointed out, was strongly influenced by the composers who preceded him." Or! "In Debussy's hands the whole-tone scale became a remarkably flexible and varied instrument." Or! "Early in 1900 the 60 volumes of the Bach-gesellschaft were published." Or! "Mozart besides having genius, had talent; he is one of the few composers in the world who had both." Or! "Purcell sings as naturally as a bird."

We were pleased to find such worthies as Lehár, Kreisler, Palmgren, Moniuszko, etc. copiously listed and it really does not matter that such minor Americans as Horatio Parker, Roger Sessions, Douglas Moore, Randall Thompson, Paul Creston, Virgil Thomson, together with a lot of other nonentities, are left out. I am very much in favor too of retaining in future editions all the old and enchanting canards which grace our music appreciation books (Haydn's Croatian music, Bach's backward orchestration, Palestrina's lifeless music, etc. etc.); the author repeats them with unfailing accuracy and they lend to the book the noble patina of tradition. And about that bird in the appendix, the one which views history from its customary perch; I am afraid that her eyes are badly out of focus; in fact, I think she is totally cockeyed.

Finally, I would be hard put if I were to single out any of the startling innovations that crowd each other on these hundreds of pages. There is one, however, which a friend of mine, a very discerning and accomplished musician, found irresistible. Mr. Ewen says that Haydn was the Father of the Symphony, but Stamitz, good old Stamitz of Mannheim, he makes the Grandfather of the Symphony. Up to the times of "Music for the Millions," all

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relations in music history were straight paternity cases. It might be a bit old-fashioned nowadays to call a composer nothing more than the Father of the Opera, of German music, or of the Ukulele. (I must confess that Mr. Ewen uses this outmoded terminology much too often). But Mr. Ewen's new suggestion about grandfather Stamitz opens up new vistas. Won't it be just marvelous to read in future editions about Shostakovitch, "Great-grandson of the Symphony," or about Mlle. Chaminade "Aunt of the Dance of the Seven Veils" or Ferde Grofé, "Uncle of Arty Jazz," or perhaps Kostelanetz, "Husband of a Musician"?

Well, brothers and sisters in music, don't miss this "indispensable reference book," for it is one of those which the publishers call "the long-awaited —the incomparable—the invaluable— [and, of course] definitive" work of art.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

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2. Dr. Pangloss, in "Candide," by Voltaire.
3. Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
4. Mrs. Malaprop, in "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
5. The Duchess, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
6. Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
7. "Pudd'n'head Wilson," by Mark Twain.
8. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier," by Conan Doyle.
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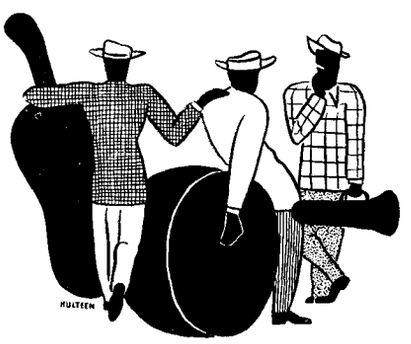
Sweet and Hot

ESQUIRE'S JAZZ BOOK. Edited by Paul Edward Miller. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1944. 230 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. MITCHELL

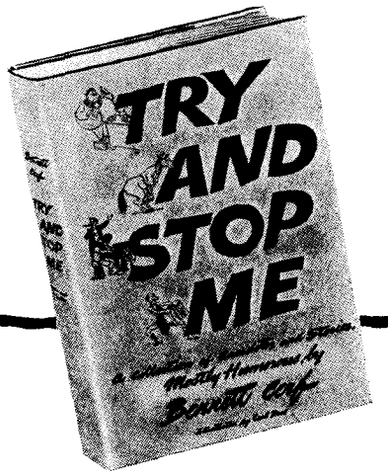
THE radio, movies, and other agents of publicity have made popular music an inescapable part of our daily lives. As befits its function, its appeal is to the millions rather than to the few and this accounts for its limitations in both technique and substance. Its harmonic and contrapuntal foundations are naive and too often shopworn. It pays little or no attention to subtleties of form, extension, and manipulation; it is at home in only one meter. Yet, within these narrow limits it has developed highly specialized rhythmic and melodic idioms, and certain formulae of performance that merit the serious attention of all music lovers. All of this has been ably presented by Winthrop Sargeant in his "Jazz: Hot and Hybrid." Its adherents make great claims for its expressive powers, but, in fact, its emotional gamut runs only



from the crocodile tears of soap operas to the Pepsodent grimace. It is our vaudeville and not our drama.

"*Esquire's* Jazz Book" is a miscellany of sketchy articles many of which first appeared in the magazine during the years 1934-44. These have the ring of last year's songs. The pages are interlarded with photographs of jazz greats, some candid, some posed, but most of them a little of both. They offer small compensation for the succulent Varga illustrations of the originals and it is to be hoped that future publications will not make so unwise a substitution. Included is a lengthy Bio-Discography which in its listing of records is not nearly as comprehensive as Panassié's in "The Real Jazz."

The articles show no interest in the whole of popular music but only in that part which is variously qualified as true, hot, true hot, sincere hot jazz, and the somewhat more inclusive swing. Desiderata are a "sincere art-quality" and improvisation. Sweet jazz, also incorrectly called popular music



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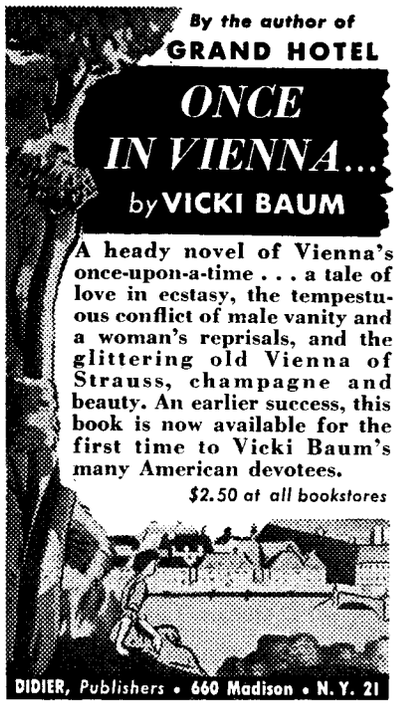
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by the authors, is the result of a miscegenation of true jazz and sordid commercialism. This is "non-art." True jazz never succumbed to the lure of folding money but its virtue was rewarded in 1937 when "swing started achieving fabulous lucrative proportions," to borrow from the quaint journalese of the writings. Swing is superior in its expressive powers to serious or classical music. But what makes music serious or classical? The most penetrating answer to be gleaned from these pages is that the performers' hair and underwear are both long. One wonders whether Benny Goodman made the appropriate change on his appearance at Town Hall. In any event the uninitiated will find assistance in their attempt to separate the nonpareil from the degraded in the chart of jazz influences which terminates in the categories swing, sweet, and symphonic jazz.

There is a brief sketch of the career of true jazz from its twofold origin in the Blues and the tinkling accompaniment to flesh seekers in the bagnios of the Mississippi delta, through its northward trek to Chicago, and thence east and west. Once roundly denounced by moralists, its future is now secured by virtue of its recent invasions of the meccas of serious music, the Met., Carnegie, Ravinia, and points west. Not all questions are answered, however. The beginnings of boogie-woogie are related. But what of its present practice? Has it a future? Or is it just another drop in the gut-bucket?

Why must so many of the zealots of this music persist in regarding the ultimate triumph of jazz an appearance in museums given over largely to the music of the past? Is it a desire to achieve middle-class respectability, to rub shoulders with the carriage trade? Certainly this is a jejune and self-conscious ambition, for the habitat of swing as described by one of the authors is an alcoholic, informal, crowded club, hazy with smoke. Respectability would ruin it.

A far more fitting goal for jazz is suggested by *Esquire's* selection of an All American Band and second team. Why not a Cooperstown of Jazz? Here in an appropriate, bowl-shaped shrine, located, of course, in New Orleans, there could be an eternal flame in the form of a juke box. Devouts would make pilgrimages to stand in worshipful adoration before statues and reliefs of their heroes and orchestras. But the authors of such articles as these would make their voyage in a carefully selected band wagon.

William J. Mitchell is Assistant Professor of Music at Columbia University, and the author of "Elementary Harmony."

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(*Continued from page 28*)

nomic pressure that must have been brought to bear upon them. The remaining library is an excellent and representative cross section of the former huge catalogues. Nevertheless we have suffered a tremendous loss. If bookstores today were limited strictly to the standard classics, the recent best sellers, and a smattering of popular non-fiction, plus, of course, the detective and mystery literature, the situation would be roughly comparable to that in the record field today. Fully half of this writer's personal library of records (many of which were reviewed before 1942 in *The Saturday Review*) are now "cut-outs," no longer listed.

The crucial question is whether this loss is permanent. How many of the missing records will ever be restored to availability, or replaced with new recordings? For it is quite possible that the industry may never go back to what was no doubt an uneconomical policy from the business viewpoint. Indications are that the change has been a success financially; it seems obvious that at least in an inflation market this success will continue. If streamlining is in fact profitable, it will take a very large quantity of idealism to bring back the former bounteous supply of rare music! Perhaps it will take a major depression to do it, since it appears that the Great Depression had a good deal to do with the growth of the record industry during the thirties.

But one other aspect of the wartime situation, though it may seem irrelevant, will have a considerable bearing on what is to come. One of the strangest anomolies of the war has been the persistence of advertising when there has been nothing, apparently, to advertise. The publicity arm of the recording industry, faced with an impossible situation, has produced new tricks of salesmanship that may well in the end serve the best interests of music lovers.

The beginning of the classical record boom came with the simple invention of the record album, which for all its simplicity did not appear for a quarter century after the industry got under way. That sales invention was a cultural boon. Another one almost as elementary, one which publishers long ago put to use, has now appeared, thanks to the exigencies of war. Several years ago some brilliant publicist issued a series of albums decorated in gay colors—and his sales jumped. Soon a whole new variety of semi-popular ten-inch albums, bright with strikingly colored *decors* flooded the record stores. Popular music had suddenly taken to albums, as had classical a decade before. This new business quickly grew to huge proportions, and became in fact the main concern of the industry. Without question it diverted buying interest, not to mention scarce record material, away from the sombre classical albums.

But within the last year or so the new decorative covers have been extensively applied to classical records—with amazing results, and particularly in the case of the somewhat shamefaced re-issues of older recordings. If a Bach Concerto for two violins may be sold in huge quantity thanks merely to a striking still-life cover in color, if the ponderous and expensive 9th Symphony of Beethoven, redecorated, can become an excellent money maker as it has this year, then there is unexpected hope that this new and extraordinarily effective kind of salesmanship, used intelligently as it is being used now, will do much to counterbalance the terrible loss of our once great pre-war library of recorded music. Look in any record store and see for yourself.

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MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

Department Store Book Sections Versus Retail Book Stores

By Heinz Werner

Mandel Brothers
Chicago

Guest Columnist

My long experience in bookselling is divided into two distinct periods, that of retail bookselling and that of department store bookselling.

During the first period, I was on the staff of a large bookstore. I, like many other retail booksellers, considered the department store book department an intellectually inferior stepchild of the book business. Another delusion was a rather contemptuous attitude toward book clubs.

When I entered the new field of bookselling in department stores, this new exciting experience rapidly changed the opinions I had held so long.

The practically unlimited possibility of good, aggressive merchandising, the sight of large stacks of books melting away before you eyes, the large crowds of book buyers, and the pell-mell of the daily department store life are rich experiences few people in a retail bookstore can understand. There is nothing incompatible between the stimulation of large scale merchandising and the integrity of conscientious literary guidance.

As to the book clubs, there again is a field of unlimited possibilities for the alert manager. Good books are distributed in hundreds, even thousands of copies each month. The lure of the free bonus book does not detract from the quality of the literature and adds to the pleasure of the club member. It is indisputable that the clubs' book distribution has formed in many desultory readers regular reading habits.

Also . . . newspaper book sections . . . of which BOOK WEEK is an outstanding example . . . are playing a tremendous part in making the masses book-conscious.

Yes, ***with all due respect*** to the gentility of the retail bookstore, give me the bustle and the noise and the activity of the department store book department.

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DOROTHY (MRS. D.) HAWKE of San Francisco comments on Mr. Léon's recent translation of a poem by Nordahl Grieg, which I reprinted as being of a widely known Norwegian poet and dramatist, who, since 1940 has spent much time in England. "When I knew him," she continues, "his English was not fluent and never became so through the years when he wrote to me, sometimes from China, sometimes Spain, sometimes Russia. His life was short but packed with interest. No doubt someone is already collecting biographical material. His brother Harold was, and may still be, associated with the Gydendahl Norsk Forlag. Nordahl was by way of being an infant prodigy and wrote his first book called 'The Ship Sails On' when he was about eighteen, or at any rate very shortly after he made the journey to Australia as a ship-hand when he was sixteen. The book was translated, as I remember, into nine languages, and from then on he wrote all the time." Mrs. Hawke also tut-tuts Mr. Tutt (otherwise Arthur Train) for saying that Daisy Ashford was really J. M. Barrie.

Daisy Ashford came out to the British Legation in Berne some time during 1918. She joined the typists in the Chancery building. She was small, dark, and vivacious, and had a charming smile. One morning I went down there and asked her to re-do some little job she had done for me, I do not remember that she appeared aggrieved, but a little later, when she came into my office with the re-copied papers, she asked me if, in the future I would criticise her work only in the afternoon. "I am not speakable to until after midday," she said, "and I might bite you. Then I'd be sorry and have to apologise." I liked that and we became friends. It was natural therefore that I should share her surprise and excitement over a letter which came from her brother in England. He had dug up some childish manuscripts, had found them good, and had sent them to a publisher. My memory says it was Macmillan and that Frank Swinnerton was the reader who became wildly enthusiastic and sent them to Barrie, who spontaneously offered a preface.

The war ended and Miss Ashford went back to London—either before or after I did, in February 1919. We met again once or twice and one particular evening I remember well. She came to dinner with me and it must have been high summer because I remember it being still light and very warm when I walked with her to the bus-stop. We had talked of the book and how she had met and (I think) had lunch with Barrie. She said "If I make four hundred pounds I shall go on a long cruise round the world while the money lasts."

I never saw her again. With the phenomenal success of the book she sailed out of my orbit although I must have written to her as I still owned in 1940, when my London house was blitzed, a signed copy of "The Young Visiters" I heard she married a soldier whom she had met while she was serving at a Canteen at Victoria Station. They bought a farm in the north of England where a daughter was born. The last thing I remember hearing was that Daisy said now she had to get up at 6 a. m. for farm chores she was quite approachable in the morning. The sailor-suit photograph that appeared in the book was the only thing phoney in it. It was taken 3 years before she wrote "The Young Visiters." She was always scribbling when a child and there was subsequently another volume brought out, a collection of shorts. When she grew up she had no talent and no interest in writing.

Eric Underwood, English publicist, author and traveler, writes me, reminding me of Winston Churchill's quoting of the famous poem by Arthur Hugh Clough beginning, "Say not the struggle naught availeth," etc., after Dunkerque. By a coincidence the half sheet of paper on which Clough wrote these lines came into the market a few weeks later and was bought by a New York publisher and presented to Mr. Churchill. Clough was a cousin of Florence Nightingale, and was, in his youth, a resident of Charleston, South Carolina, where his father was in business. Mr. Underwood's letter continues:

His brother died there and is buried in St. Michael's churchyard under a stone inscribed with verses by the poet. The house he occupied is still shown, but the city possesses no visible memorial of Clough. I have had the pleasure of visiting Charleston no less than seven times and it has long been my desire to remedy this deficiency. I am accordingly presenting to the City Hall a bust of the youthful Clough and this will be formally handed over to the Mayor on January 16th by Mr. Harold Butler, His Britannic Majesty's Minister in Washington. The pedestal for the bust has been subscribed by a number of distinguished American and British authors. It is inscribed as follows:

A. H. CLOUGH
English Poet
A Resident of Charleston

This bust was presented to the citizens of Charleston as a token of Anglo-American friendship by Eric Underwood, of England, A.D. 1945.

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The pedestal was given by H. Granville-Barker, William Rose Benét, Van Wyck Brooks, Struthers Burt, Hervey Allen, Maurice Colbourne, Marcia Davenport, Walter De La Mare, Maud Howe Elliott, Ellen Glasgow, Aldous Huxley, Margaret Mitchell, Christopher Morley, Harold Nicolson, Madhava Panikkas, Carl Sandburg, Romney Sedgwick, Jan Struther, Booth Tarkington, and Walter Lippmann.

Maurice Colbourns is the biographer of Bernard Shaw; Madhava Panikkas, poet and essayist, is Prime Minister of the Indian state of Bikaner; Romney Sedgwick is the historian. One of the American authors, Maud Howe Elliott, is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She is the widow of John Elliott, the English pre-Raphaelite painter who painted the frescoes in the Boston Public Library and who died in Charleston. She is perhaps the only person still surviving, says Mr. Underwood, who knew and can remember Clough. Also, her father, who was present at the battle of Missolonghi, in which Byron was killed, was an intimate friend of Lafayette. Mrs. Elliott recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday by publishing her latest book!

The bust of Clough is the work of Felix de Weldon, a sculptor now serving in the U. S. Navy, who has made busts of many famous sitters including three kings of England.

For his enthusiastic and valuable endeavors in behalf of poetry, art, and the dance, in time gone by—I wish to pay tribute, before I close, to the late Reverend Doctor William Norman Guthrie, who died the beginning of December last. He was a vibrant and vital American Scot with the soul of a poet and a Caledonian fearlessness. As rector of the Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in this city, many of us of all types who practise verse found him a stimulating friend and an energizing exhorter. Several years ago I had a long letter from him which I never answered properly. It was full of the same vigorous interest in the ferment of the world that was always his. Now I wish I had taken the time to write him a proper answer. For he loved life and he had a great spirit. He was not of clay.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

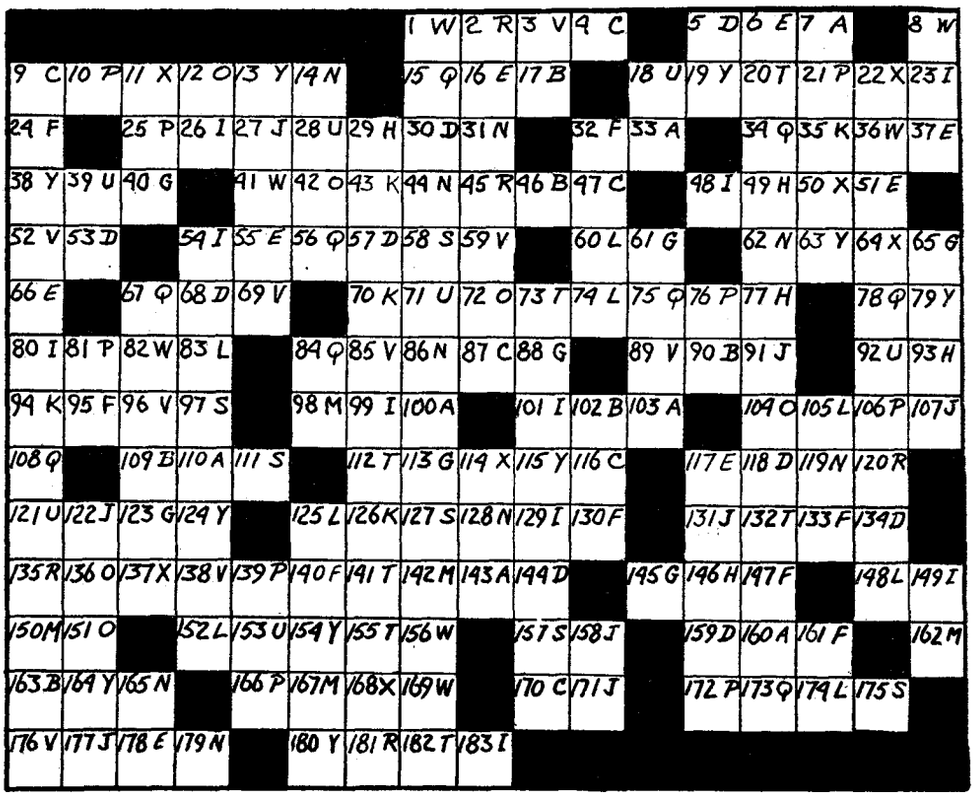
DIDN'T you like the title of Osbert Sitwell's biography as given you in a recent DC? For those who, like myself, may have wondered at its connotation, he explains in the Introduction the meaning of his choice to this effect: According to the palmist the lines on the palm of the left hand are incised unalterably at birth, whereas those of the right hand are modified by environment and the life we lead in it.

Several righteously indignant complaints have arrived in regard to the lack of puzzle quality of the paper used for the DC and the showing through of print from the other side, thus preventing even the reading of the definitions to say nothing of working on that paper. To all of whom—at present writing Mrs. Alice Cochran, Pasadena, Elizabeth Wood, Germantown, Evelyn Eastman, New Haven, —the *SRL* sends sympathy but thinks that if you had but an inkling of what they are up against in these discordant days you'd send sympathy to them!

Elizabeth Wood, a seasoned DCer, while house-bound, recently ran through "Invitation to Double-Crostics" too quickly for pleasure. I'm glad to hear that, for it is evidence of her progress and the book's appropriateness for novices, as its name implies. Mrs. Thomas J. R. Smith, Cleveland, delights in the prospect of an easy book to give to her friends, for when she writes that she enjoyed the recent scrambled DC you know that she herself is a follower of difficult puzzles. Mrs. A. F. Downing, Cambridge, Mass., likes the DC page as it is, but, as she frowns on standpatters in general, she would accept a change if necessary.

George Sturges, Point Loma, Calif., on an artistic personal postcard enshrines a New Year's resolution "to solve DCs without cheating." I wish someone would tell me what "cheating" in DCs is. From several definitions in WNI of the verb *cheat* I select "to violate rules dishonestly, as at cards." Since there are no general DC rules, you can't violate them; so by "cheating" you must mean rules you set up for yourself. As I have repeatedly told you, I think any scheme fair that enables you to solve the puzzle, and it is taken for granted that you should be honest in telling how you did it.

George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, in commenting favorably on John Leete's amusing cartoon of the DCer absorbed in his subject under tropical palms, thinks, however, that the predicament demands a solution, in other words, "love must find a way to relieve the situation." So he invents Vera, a forceful Vassar grad who has majored in Greek, and Betty, a sweet, blonde Bryn Mawr grad who has majored in the humanities. Needless to say, Vera's brain helps him out, but he succumbs to Betty's charm. I'm sorry space-limits force a stop here. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 565

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Indicative of strength and vigor, as of the emotions (Psychol.)

B. Chinese philosopher, 12th cent.

C. Seaside resort in Belgium.

D. One of two groups of sloths (Comp.)

E. English philologist and editor ("Canterbury Tales," 1775-8).

F. English artisans who rioted *vs.* machinery (1811-16).

G. Argument by the *reductio ad absurdum* method.

H. American novelist, critic, playwright (1881-).

I. Theodoric the Great was their king.

J. The city of Giotto's Campanile.

K. Hateful people or things (contemptuous).

L. A command to refrain from interference (2 wds.)

M. Eldritch.

N. Canis Minor (Astron.; 2 wds.)

O. American authoress (1868-1934; "The Arrow Maker").

P. Movements; activities.

Q. Communist Russian title, meaning comrade.

R. The world of fashion (Fr.)

S. French painter (1780-1867).

T. The state of existing at the present.

U. Sensational (figuratively).

V. The thylacine (2 wds.)

W. Frames; drafts.

X. Turkish title of courtesy or respect.

Y. Recent Viceroy of India.

WORDS

103	100	160	7	33	110	143			
46	90	163	109	17	102				
170	116	9	47	87	4				
5	68	53	30	118	159	57	144	134	
66	37	178	117	6	16	55	51		
133	95	147	140	32	130	161	24		
145	65	113	88	123	40	61			
29	49	93	146	77					
99	54	183	23	80	149	129	26	101	48
171	107	122	27	91	158	131	177		
94	126	35	43	70					
60	148	174	74	83	105	125	152		
150	98	162	167	142					
165	44	62	14	179	119	31	86	128	
42	72	151	104	136	12				
25	166	139	81	10	106	76	21	172	
67	173	34	84	56	75	108	78	15	
2	181	45	135	120					
157	58	175	127	97	111				
73	132	112	20	141	182	155			
121	28	18	92	153	71	39			
89	3	59	69	96	176	52	85	138	
36	169	82	1	41	156	8			
64	50	137	22	114	168	11			
164	19	124	180	38	115	79	13	154	63

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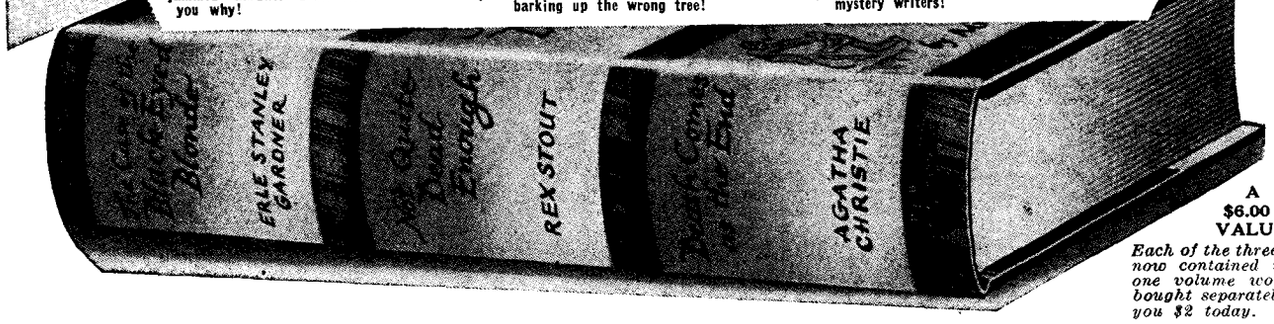

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